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Overland Tourists Buying Indian Souvenirs at a Far-West Station.

Drawn by G. W. Peters

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Thursday, December 1, 1904

Our Unique American Colleges.

WITH ALL the universities, colleges, and schools at work again, the discussion over the utility of the one or the other has passed, although it is pretty sure to come to the fore again. But the question of college or no college education has pretty much worn itself out; it is all but universally conceded that a college education for the boy of average intelligence and alertness is every way desirable. Of course four years of college life will not make a wise man of a dolt; and it is doubtful if a boy who fails of success without a college education would succeed with it. Such an education is at best a foundation upon which the structure is to be reared in the future; it is a tool by which the work on hand is to be wrought.

On the other hand, the question whether, under certain conditions, a college course is desirable is one to be answered according to circumstances, while the fact should be constantly kept in mind that the one who is denied the privilege of a college course can, by assiduity and improving the little moments that come to him, to a great extent supply the deficiency. With the abundance of cheap books of the very best kind to be had at every turn, there is no occasion for any ambitious young man to despair because circumstances deny him the educational advantages that he covets. Some of our most successful men are those who, deprived of the advantages and opportunities of a college education, have simply grown up to success by wisely harvesting and utilizing what so many throw away, as if the supply was to continue forever—the article of time.

The American college is every way unique; it may be defined in a word as a school for imparting more general and advanced instruction than can be obtained in the various academies and private schools. The university, however, more particularly comprises a number of technical schools, imparting instruction in all departments of knowledge, including classical literature, the arts and sciences, as biology, medicine, surgery, law, theology, mechanics, and so on. The issue as to which is the most desirable, the most useful, has been discussed at educational congresses, in the public press, and notably in the leading reviews. There has been evident in these discussions a tendency to look upon the college as a kind of inferior school which must be given its place only when there is not enough money to establish the more expensive university. On the other hand, the college has not wanted its stout champions, in whose view the American college, with its concentrated curriculum, the closeness of touch between pupil and professor, is not only an institution that is to be conserved, but is one that often, if not always, offers a better kind of education than is available in the university.

This matter is forcibly brought out in an admirable address delivered the other day by President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, before the students of Wellesley. Dr. Hyde draws the line of separation between the college and the university with perfect clearness—and certainly there is such a line. He declares what the college is and what it is not. As to what it is, he says "its distinctive sphere is liberal culture, the opening of the mind to the great departments of human interest, the opening of the heart to the great spiritual motives and social enthusiasms, the opening of the will to opportunity for wise and righteous self-control. It is the most economical and efficient means yet devised to take well-trained boys and girls from school and send them either on to the university or out into life with a breadth of intellectual outlook no subsequent specialization can ever take away from them." The picture is no less inviting than perfectly true. On the other hand, he tells us what the college is not. "The concept and function of a college," he says, "is not mental training, which is the province of the school, nor specialized knowledge, which is the province of the university, though, incidentally, it may be both of these things."

Returning to our speaker's definition of what a college is, he says "it is an institution which admits poorly-prepared students, and does by school methods and under school restraints the work which ought to have been done in the schools." Of the university-college, he declares it "herds large masses of students in lecture courses, with only vicarious contact of the lecturer with his students, and often with vicarious study on the part of the students, where graduate students do what little quizzing is done, and printed notes and hired teachers prepare undergraduates for examinations, and study is practically confined to two periods of two or three weeks in each college year." And is it not true?

A Subway Nuisance.

INDIGNATION against the defacing of the walls of the New York subway stations by ugly advertising signs and posters continues to increase. At first the offending persons—the operating company and the advertising contractors—treated the protests with silence. The storm did not blow over, however. Then answer was made that the signs and posters were rightfully in the stations by virtue of contract stipulations entered into by the Rapid Transit Commission and the Interborough Railway Company. To this Charles Stewart Smith, an influential and public-spirited member of the Rapid Transit Commission; John DeWitt Warner, of the Municipal Art Commission, and Calvin Tompkins, president of the Municipal Art Society, made rejoinder that the Rapid Transit Commission had no right to contract for anything but the construction and satisfactory operation of a railway, and that a grant of a right to advertise was altogether outside its functions and powers. The clause in the contract under which it is assumed that the company has the right to use the stations for advertising purposes was put in without notice to the public and contrary to the assurance given that the stations would be clean and handsome. This clause provides that advertising shall not be permitted which shall interfere with the easy identification of the stations. In the contract for the operation of the subway extension under the East River provision is made that there shall be no advertising except such as the Rapid Transit Commission shall in writing allow. Under these provisions, or permissions, which lawyers say are not valid, the Interborough Company went ahead and plastered the station walls with hideous advertising placards. If the company was acting honestly in this matter it would have had the contract explicit in terms, provided it believed that the Rapid Transit Commission could lawfully consent to the defacing of the station walls. The assurances given before the opening of the subway and the wording of the contract clauses relating to advertising satisfy impartial persons that deceit on the public was practiced, that the company was not honest, and that it did not believe that the Rapid Transit Commission could legally consent to the use of city property for advertising purposes. The subject will be taken into court. Meanwhile, if the subway is to be a bill-posters' paradise, why should not every advertiser begin to freely plaster its walls with his announcements?

The Men Who Did It.

THE Republicans' magnificent victory was won not only because the level of intelligence and morality was higher among them than among the Democrats, and the *esprit du corps* was greater, but because they had a better record, a better programme, better candidates, and better leaders and campaign managers. The superiority of Roosevelt over Parker, of Cortelyou over Taggart, of Fairbanks over Davis, and of the Republican speakers over Cockran, Williams of Mississippi, Bailey of Texas, and the rest of the Democratic campaign orators, was strikingly manifest to everybody. The dignity, conservatism, and logic of all the prominent speakers on the Republican side was in marked contrast to the recklessness and unscrupulousness of every conspicuous Democrat actively identified with the campaign, from Parker and Taggart downward.

It was said by the Democrats at the time of Hanna's death, and feared by the Republicans, that that astute campaign manager would have no worthy successor. The work between the Chicago convention in June and the voting day in November proved that this judgment was erroneous. No man in all the long line of Republican campaign directors, from Edwin D. Morgan, Zach Chandler, and Henry J. Raymond onward to the veteran Ohio leader, who organized victory for McKinley in the convention of 1896, did his work more intelligently than Chairman Cortelyou has done his, and none of them did it so quietly, so tactfully, and so effectively.

In overwhelming majority the young voters of the country were on the Republican side in the campaign. Roosevelt's sincerity, intrepidity, and democracy captured their imagination. Fairbanks, Taft, Root, Shaw, and Hay presented arguments which appealed to their judgment. Cortelyou and his associates among the directors of the campaign sent speakers and literature among them and shaped the influences which put Republican ballots in their hands. Never before did the Republican party command the support of such a vast majority of the young voters of the country as it did in the canvass just ended. From the President and the chairman of the national committee downward the Republican campaign of 1904 was conducted with consummate foresight, intelligence, and tact.

The Plain Truth.

CRITICISM entirely humorous or tinted with humor is libelous, according to a singular decision rendered by the New York Court of Appeals. Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs sued the New York *Sun* for damages because it made humorous criticisms and comments on certain statements in reference to literature made by Professor Triggs. The Court of Appeals has given judgment in favor of the professor. The personal interest in the case is probably confined to the parties to it. But concern in the rule laid down by the court is more general. If Professor Triggs's example should be generally followed and the court should fail to see more light, free discussion would be practically at an end. Judge Parker, who concurred in the decision, certainly could be cast for damages for libels uttered in his campaign speeches. The decision makes free criticisms a dangerous matter for the critic. The law, if it be as held by the Court of Appeals, should be modified. Criticism without the personal factor is almost impossible in some instances, and without criticism there would be little freedom of the press.

THE OPPONENTS of hazing in our institutions of learning will gain encouragement from the resolute stand taken on this subject by the authorities of various colleges. The University of Pennsylvania requires every member of the sophomore class to make a signed statement as to whether he has taken part in hazing, and to make affidavit that he will not engage in any hazing while he is a student of the university. Every one who has participated in such practices will be punished, and any one who may do so hereafter will be expelled. Princeton is to take action to the same effect. Chancellor Day called the students of Syracuse University up on the subject recently and told them such things would be stopped even if the attendance was cut in two thereby. President Schurman, of Cornell University, showed a spirit no less determined when he declared to the students that "the one offense for which men are sent away never to return here again is hazing, and by hazing I mean any interference with the personal liberty of any student." If these declarations are followed by action we may hope to see an end, in the institutions named, of the brutality practiced under the name of hazing. And if such great schools as Princeton, Cornell, and Syracuse University banish the practice other institutions will not be slow in following their example.

A CHEERFUL NOTE of satisfaction over the result of the election comes even from the sunny South. Our good friend, Clarke Howell, of the Atlanta *Constitution*, who made the best possible fight for Judge Parker, says the South greets the other sections of the country with cheerfulness and confidence after the election, and has its eyes turned hopefully to the future. One of the most delightful features of the recent presidential contest was the general satisfaction of all the people with the extraordinary result. Many a Democrat has been heard to say, "I did not vote for Roosevelt, but I am entirely satisfied with his election." The South, probably in greater degree than any other section of the country, has reaped the material advantages growing out of the Republican policy of protection, and, with its enormous natural resources still largely undeveloped, the time will come, as the late Henry Grady himself predicted to the writer, when that part of the country will be the chief and most earnest exponent of a protective tariff. Already New England is feeling, in its vast cotton industries, the growing competition of the South, and while the sentiment for tariff revision is increasing in the former section, it is decreasing wherever protected industries are making headway in the Southern States. General Hancock was not very far from right when he said that the tariff was largely a "local question."

WE HAVE the faith to believe that the number of civilized and enlightened people in the world are few who do not think that Great Britain acted by far the wiser and nobler part in not avenging the slaughter of the fishermen on the North Sea, utterly needless and cruel as that deed was, by proceeding to kill some thousands of other men who were not in the least responsible for the slaughter. In restraining the passions of her own people, excited to the point of war by this last and worst of a series of provocations, and in agreeing to refer the matter to the arbitrament of The Hague tribunal, the English government, in the judgment of most people, showed a degree of moral courage, self-restraint, and noble determination worthy of all praise. That a few presumably civilized and enlightened persons think otherwise of the action of Great Britain may be inferred from the appearance on the editorial page of one of our leading daily papers of a poem on "The North Sea Incident," in which the writer utters his lament, with a vigor of expression and excellence of style worthy of a better cause, over this latest evidence of British degeneration. After reciting in sonorous lines the great deeds wrought by British arms in other years, at "glorious Blenheim" and "grim Quebec," years when "the trumpet-call proclaimed resentment quick at each affront," the poet proceeds to draw a contrast in the following lines:

"Not then would alien gunners test their aim
On England's peaceful fishers at their trade:
Not then by lie or explanation lame
Would Britain's certain vengeance be delayed."

If Mr. Kipling had written this it would have caused no surprise, but for a peace-loving American citizen to breathe such thoughts in verse is astonishing.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

ONE OF THE leading annual events in St. Louis is the grand parade and ball of the mysterious Veiled Prophet, which greatly resembles the Mardi-Gras celebration at New Orleans. This fall the procession as usual attracted vast crowd of sight-seers, and the brilliant ball was attended by a big throng of society people. One of the notable features of the affair is the crowning of a "queen of love and beauty," and the honor of being selected for that position is highly esteemed among the young women of the exposition city. The choice fell this year on Miss Stella Wade, daughter of Mr. Festus Wade, of the Mercantile Trust Company of St. Louis, one of the promoters and commissioners of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The selection was a most popular one. Miss Wade is a débutante, an acknowledged belle, and is possessed of all the qualities and graces requisite for a queenly rôle. When Miss Wade arrived at the ball-room she was summoned by the Veiled Prophet to appear on the throne, and a coronet of gold studded with diamonds and emeralds was placed upon her shapely head. In the court that surrounded her were not only the *élite* of St. Louis society, but also many distinguished people from all parts of the world, among these being the Italian and Austrian ambassadors, the foreign commissioners to the fair, and the Governors of New York, Illinois, and Missouri. The occasion was a great success, and her youthful majesty received compliments and homage from every side. It was an evening which she is not likely soon to forget.

MANY ACTRESSES have married into the English nobility, and thus become the proud wearers of noble titles, but it is not so often that English women of noble family have made a success of anything connected with the stage. One of the few who have thus distinguished themselves is Lady Colin Campbell, whose play, in which she appears as *Queen Gertrude*, and W. S. Gilbert as *King Claudius*, of Denmark, lately appeared on the London stage. Not long after her marriage, which took place in extreme youth, Lady Colin Campbell joined the staff of the *London World*, and she has done much admirable work for that paper, including a delightful series entitled, "A Woman's Walks," a selection from which has been reprinted in volume form. Her only signed contribution to the *World* has now been for some time the art column. Lady Colin Campbell has published but one work of fiction, a novel entitled, "Darell Blake," which was said at the time to be a pen-portrait of a noted journalist of the day. She has also distinguished herself in outdoor sports, and is a fine horsewoman and a champion fencer. Thus is she getting the most out of life in many directions.

SOMETHING OF a sensation in the railroad world was created, not long ago, by the statement of Vice-President Edgar van Etten, of the Boston and Albany Railroad, at a Boston banquet, that the public owed something to the railways as well as the railways to the public. The skillful and logical way in which Mr. van Etten fortified his conclusion was characteristic of the man, for, from the beginning of his career in the railroad world, his conduct has been marked by

its originality as well as its courage and courtesy. A Boston magazine recently called attention to the fact that since Mr. van Etten has been the manager of the Boston and Albany that railroad has lost its "air of austerity and conscious superiority," and has put itself on more friendly relations with the public and the law-making and executive powers of the State. The severity of its former management and its icy regularity in all transactions led to a coldness and indifference toward it on the part of the people. All this has disappeared since Mr. van Etten has introduced the policy of conciliation, compromise, and courtesy, a continuance of which, says our Boston contemporary, "will make the Boston and Albany *persona grata* at the state-house and will shift from its shoulders the burden of proof which by general consent has been usually placed there by legislators because of the company's arbitrary attitude." Mr. van Etten's career, beginning as boy in the army of the North during the Civil War, up to his present proud position

in the railroad world, has been marked by the characteristics of a good general, who never seeks a fight and never runs away from one.

ALTHOUGH THE United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was designed primarily for the training of young Americans, it is an interesting fact that in 1868 Congress passed an act permitting Japanese to be received as students there. Since that time fourteen young men from Japan have been admitted to the school. Six withdrew before completing their course and eight were graduated. Among the latter was Rear-Admiral Uriu, who commanded the Japanese fleet on February 8th last, when the Russian cruisers *Variag* and *Korietz* were sunk. Several others have rendered distinguished service to their country. Only two other foreigners have ever been

MR. ASAHI KITAGAKI,
Young Japanese who will enter the United States Naval Academy.

students in the academy. There are no Japanese on the rolls of the naval academy at present, but Mr. Asahi Kitagaki, of Tokio, is at Annapolis, a student at Professor Wilmer's school, preparing to enter the ranks next year. He is a young man of athletic build and pleasing personality, and his modest manner has won him a host of friends among his fellow-students. He likes America and is rapidly acquiring the language; is possessed of strong native ability and exhibits to a marked degree the characteristics of his race in readily adapting himself to our ideas and methods. He looks forward with pride to the time when he may enter the naval academy as a full-fledged midshipman. The picture above shows him in his favorite uniform—that of a Japanese cadet—which was made by a schoolboy chum before he left Tokio.

THERE IS AT least one woman of noble family and high social status in England who cannot be accused of spending her life in idleness and frivolity. This exceptional person is the present Duchess of Somerset. The duchess is popular in social circles, but that her time has not been wholly given to social pleasures is evident from the fact that she has written at least one successful book of travel and a large number of songs and hymns which have passed into current use. The duchess has traveled, it is said, more than any English woman of her rank in the world. The Duke of Somerset himself is an intrepid traveler, hunter, and sportsman. Before he succeeded to the title he took his wife on a tour in Canada, and on her return Lady Seymour—as she then was—published a vivid account of her experiences, under the title of "The Impressions of a Tenderfoot." It was illustrated with her own sketches. Of late years the duchess has brought her intelligent sympathy to the task of improving the condition of workhouses.

UNDoubtedly the richest girl in the world is Miss Krupp, who on the death of her father became chief proprietor of the world-famed Krupp works, at Essen, Germany. This girl holds the fate of almost all nations, except our own, in her hand, for if the Krupp works refused to supply any country with guns, that country would be in a bad way as a military power. A great deal of the artillery of Russia, Japan, France, Germany, and Italy was manufactured at the Krupp works, and during the South African war England had to apply to the Krupp works to supply urgently needed weapons.

RARELY HAS the religious world been so stirred as

it was by the recent announcement that the Marquise des Monstiers-

Merinville, of Rome,

formerly Miss Mary

Gwendolin Caldwell,

of New York, had renounced

the Roman Catholic creed.

The marquise's own words

were: "Yes; it is

true that I have left

the Roman Catholic

Church. Since I have

been living in Europe

my eyes have been

opened to what that

church really is and

to its anything but

sanctity." This was

a startling statement,

coming, as it did, from one who for more than twenty

years had been honored and lauded by the great ecclesiastical organization concerned as one of its chief benefactors and most devoted adherents.

As the daughter of the late William Shakespeare Caldwell, of New Orleans, who joined the Roman Catholic Church shortly before his death, the marquise inherited a considerable fortune.

She and her sisters were educated in convents and brought up in the faith in which their father died.

When she became of age the marquise, influenced as

she has declared, by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, the

executor of her father's estate, donated \$300,000 for

the founding of the Roman Catholic University of the

United States, at Washington, and \$80,000 for its

endowment. From that time until her renunciation

it she had been regarded as one of the shining lights

of the Church of Rome. Her outspoken defection and

the Roman Catholic University's loss, some time ago,

of a large sum through the failure of its treasurer,

Thomas E. Waggoner, have created a rather disagreeable situation for that church. Some embarrassment to the institution has been created by the fact

that a large portrait of the marquise hangs on its walls

conspicuously near one of the new Pope, and since she

has become a Protestant it is doubtful if the picture

will be thus displayed.

THE GENEROUS action of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

in restoring to the city of Ascoli, Italy, the famous Ascoli cope, has incited that municipality to a

notable expression of gratitude. It will be remembered that the great financier bought the ancient

marvel of the textile art in Paris, paying for it a price

which has not been made public, but which was un-

doubtedly large. Afterward it was claimed that the

cope had been stolen from the cathedral at Ascoli, and

an appeal was made to Mr. Morgan to return it to its

former custodians. After due investigation Mr. Mor-

gan complied with the appeal, and now the municipali-

ty has voted to place a bust of Mr. Morgan in the

city palace, with a marble tablet recording his action,

and to bestow his name on one of the city's principal

streets. This climax of the incident is as creditable

to the people of Ascoli as it must be gratifying to Mr.

Morgan, for whose financial loss the unusual honor

paid him is no slight compensation.

ONE OF the surprises of the recent election was

the fact that while President Roosevelt carried

Massachusetts by a

plurality of 88,000,

the Bay State chose

William L. Douglas,

a Democrat, for Gov-

ernor, giving him

37,000 more votes

than were received

by his Republican

antagonist, Governor

John L. Bates. Sev-

eral causes have been

suggested as con-

tributing to this re-

markable result—the

resentment felt by

certain elements be-

cause of vetoes by

Governor Bates, his

appointment of an unpopular police commissioner,

Mr. Douglas's popularity with the so-called working

people, and his pronounced advocacy of tariff re-

vision and reciprocity, which was favored by many

Republicans. However it may be explained, Mr.

Douglas's election has brought him into national

prominence and made him an important figure in the

political world. Although as a member of the Legis-

lature he had made something of a mark—he having

introduced and pushed through the measure creating a

board of industrial arbitration—he had been known

chiefly as the head of a great manufacturing enter-

prise. He claims to be the largest maker of shoes

in the world, employing 4,000 operatives in his fac-

tories. As the rest of the State administration will

be Republican, Governor-elect Douglas announces that

his policy will be non-partisan. He will urge the Leg-

islature to create a "tariff and industrial commis-

sion" to investigate conditions in Massachusetts and

to recommend revisions of tariff figures.



EDGAR VAN ETEN.
Of the New York Central Railroad, in
charge of the Boston and Albany,
and one of the most progressive
railroad men in the
country.—*Path.*



MR. ASAHI KITAGAKI,
Young Japanese who will enter the United States Naval Academy.



THE MARQUISE DES MONSTIERS,
Founder of the Catholic University, at
Washington, who has renounced
her church.



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET,
The most traveled of all living
duchesses.



HON. WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS,
The Democratic Governor-elect of
Massachusetts, who made tariff
revision and reciprocity one of the
leading issues of his canvass.
Burwell & Co.

A Big Railroad Trying Electric Power

THE MOST powerful electric locomotive in the world is the one lately constructed for the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad in the shops of the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Works, at Schenectady, N. Y. The great new engine was tested the other day on a short experimental track near the city named, in the presence of electrical engineers and railroad men from all parts of the country. Attached to a train of nine heavy Pullman coaches, it attained a speed of seventy-five miles an hour, and the opinion was generally expressed that on a longer stretch of rails ninety miles an hour could have been made. This electric locomotive has a maximum of 3,000 horse-power, or about twice as much as the steam locomotive which hauls the Empire State express has exhibited. It can, therefore, outpull any other traction machine ever made.

The locomotive is one of between thirty and fifty which will be used by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company for hauling the through passenger trains within the electrical zone it is proposed to establish from the Grand Central station, New York, through the Park Avenue tunnel to Croton on the main line, a distance of thirty-four miles, and to White Plains on the Harlem division, a distance of twenty-four miles. The plan also includes the handling in a similar manner of the suburban service of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad south of the point of junction at Woodlawn. This will be the heaviest steam-railway passenger service which has ever been handled by electric locomotives. The electrification of the sections of railroad above specified will be conjoined with vast changes and improvements at the Grand Central station terminal, made necessary by the immense and increasing passenger traffic of the New York Central lines.

Writing of the progressive step to be taken by his company, Mr. William J. Wilgus, one of the vice-presidents of the New York Central, declares that it may well be termed the marking of the commencement of a new epoch in the history of transportation. For over seventy years the steam locomotive has held undisputed possession of the field of long-haul traffic, and has steadily grown in weight and power. But now, as Mr. Wilgus says: "The time has arrived when changed conditions in great centres of population demand a different system of transportation on our trunk lines than has heretofore existed. Modern steam locomotives capable of hauling through passenger and freight trains will still dominate where units are comparatively infrequent and the haul long; but even for this class of service, on roads with heavy traffic, electricity will gradually supplant steam as the cost of producing current decreases in central power-stations and the cost of equipment is lowered, due to cheapened methods of manufacture, the use of water power, and the invention of labor-saving and more efficient devices.

"The traveling public within the suburban zones are no longer satisfied with trains of many cars hauled by heavy locomotives at lengthy intervals; neither do they longer tolerate with patience the smoke, gas,



ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE AND CARS RACING WITH AND BEATING THE TRAIN-MASTER'S STEAM-ENGINE ON A PARALLEL TRACK.—Seitz.

cinders, and noise inseparable from the steam locomotive. The steam railroad, if it would hold and multiply its suburban traffic, must offer the advantages to which the public has become educated by the marvelous development of electric railways within the past twenty years. Trains at short intervals, quick acceleration, frequent stops for local trains, independent tracks for express service, and the absence of products of combustion, all of which are possible only with the use of electricity, make the outlying districts attractive to the toiler in the city and thereby propagate traffic."

Mr. Wilgus further considers the subject as follows: "The natural conservatism of a large corporation like the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and the unprecedented magnitude and importance of the change, led to more than ordinarily careful and deliberate consideration of the abandonment of the long and well-tried steam locomotive for a comparatively new method which had not yet been employed for the peculiar character of service existing on two of the principal trunk lines of the country. The Grand Central station, with its complex system of tracks and switches, and handling from five hundred to seven hundred trains in twenty-four hours, presented a problem of unusual difficulty. Moreover, the change of power naturally involves the embarrassment incidental to the successful maintenance of an existing enormous traffic in conjunction with radical changes in road-bed and structures. As a result of this thorough investigation of the entire subject, the company finally decided in 1902 to proceed with the change of motive power."

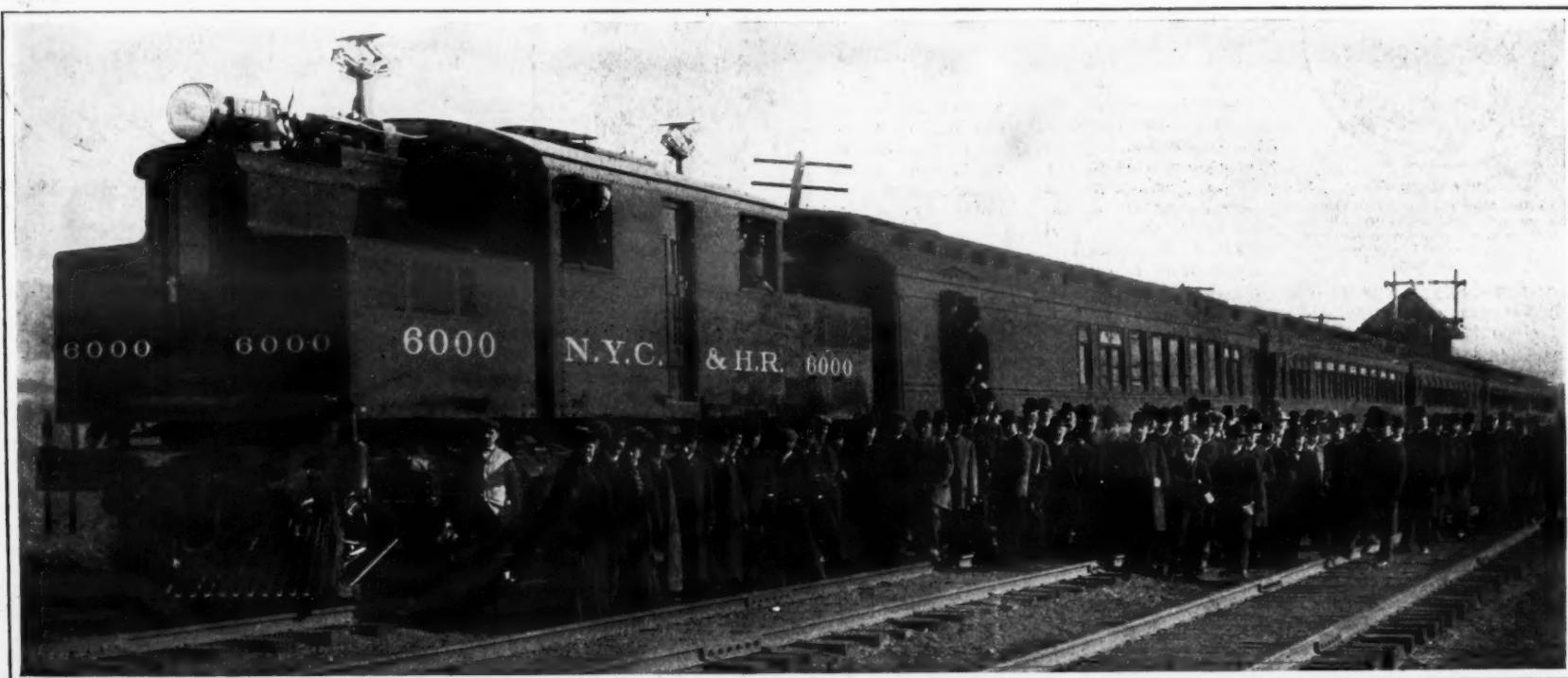
"This decision carries with it the necessity for the improvement and enlargement of the Grand Central station; the increasing of the size of the Grand Central yard, and the depression of the grades in such a manner as to permit the passage overhead of cross streets from Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-sixth Street, inclusive; a new underground suburban terminal be-

neath the station, with the possibility of a connection with the Rapid Transit subway; the four-tracking of both the Hudson and Harlem divisions within the electrical zone; the elimination of grade, street, and track crossings within the same zone; the straightening of alignment at various places, and important station improvements at many places. The planning and executing of the problem involving electrification of traffic has been intrusted to a commission comprised of J. F. Deems, B. J. Arnold, F. J. Sprague, George Gibbs, and the writer, with a secretary, E. B. Katte, who also acts as electrical engineer of the company. After the commission had settled upon a scope of territory to be electrified and had decided that the peculiar conditions in the neighborhood of New York justified the adoption of direct current as preferable to alternating current, contracts were awarded for the larger portion of structures and equipment."

Mr. Wilgus states that the desirability of harmonizing all of the large electrical installations in the vicinity of New York, such as elevated, surface railways, and subways, led to the selection of 11,000-volt three-phase alternating current for the high-pressure transmission lines between the central power stations and the sub-stations, and 600-volt direct current for the low-pressure conductors and third rail. Two central power-stations, cross-connected, with an ultimate capacity of 40,000 horse-power each, have been decided upon, either of which, in the event of the disablement of the other, is capable of handling the entire load by using the spare units. One station is under construction at Port Morris and the other at Yonkers, and both are located on navigable waters. In conclusion, Mr. Wilgus says: "From these proposed improvements the railroad company anticipates a marked increase in the comfort and safety of its passengers, and consequently a decided increase in suburban business. Property abutting on the railroad will naturally increase in desirability as a result of the withdrawal of the annoyances unavoidable in the operation of the steam passenger locomotive. The beautiful territory along the Hudson and Bronx rivers and Long Island Sound, under these favorable conditions, will grow rapidly in popularity for home-seekers. The adoption of electricity makes possible the reclamation of between thirty and forty acres of overhead space in the territory occupied by the terminal yard in the heart of the city of New York, which, instead of being left open as required with steam operation, may be utilized by the company for superimposed structures in any manner best suited for its purpose."

A Chapel of Rest.

AN ENGLISH newspaper tells of a novel institution in Avondale Park, Kensington, London, intended primarily for the convenience of the poor. A mortuary, known as the Chapel of Rest, is provided to serve the needs of poor families who live in one or two rooms in overcrowded tenements and suffer inconveniences when death occurs.



WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE WITH ITS TRAIN OF PULLMANS, AND THE NOTABLE GATHERING WHICH WITNESSED THE TESTS OF STRENGTH AND SPEED.



COLOSSAL HEAD OF GENERAL KUROPATKIN, THE DESIGN OF A JAPANESE ARTIST AT TOKIO.



SOLDIER LEAVING YOKOHAMA FOR THE FRONT BIDDING FRIENDS GOOD-BYE.



TROOPS FOR MANCHURIA ABOUT TO DEPART FROM YOKOHAMA.



CELEBRATION AT TOKIO OF THE GREAT JAPANESE VICTORY AT LIAO-YANG.



BAKING BISCUITS AT TOKIO FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY.



PACKING BISCUITS IN A FACTORY AT TOKIO FOR THE TROOPS IN THE FIELD.

LIVELY WAR-TIME SCENES IN THE CITIES OF JAPAN.

TROOPS DEPARTING FOR THE FRONT, CITIZENS CELEBRATING A VICTORY, AND A BAKERY PREPARING ARMY SUPPLIES.

From stereographs, copyrighted 1904, by Griffith & Griffith, Philadelphia.

An American Woman Describes Classic Ground in the Heart of Japan

By Eleanor Franklin, our special correspondent in Japan

YOKOHAMA, October 30th, 1904.

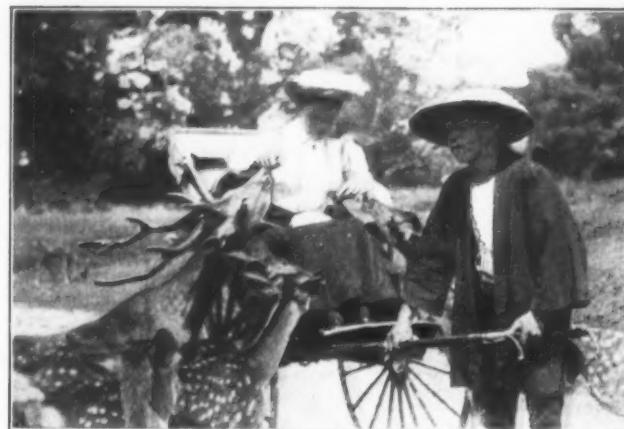
NARA! WHAT a beautiful summer-night memory I have of this most Japanese town in all Japan. The breeze-fluted surface of the deep, still lake caught the reflection of the rising moon, spreading its bands of silver around the dark horizon, and rippled away to the shore beyond in a broad, glimmering path that might have been a dream highway for water-sprites, or for elfin baby ghosts, wandering upward from *Sai-no-Kawara* to this sweet world, to be re-born on a mid-summer night under a Japan moon.

What a fairy-land! Outlined against the horizon, half-concealing the great, round, yellow, upward-soaring orb, a Buddhist pagoda lightly lifted its graceful, five-fold eaves heavenward among the tree-tops, while beside it, removed half a hill's length away, the multiplied, many-sized *torii* of an *Inari* temple wound a serpentine course moonward to the hilltop. An oar splashed in the deep shadows of the tree-lined bank, and a boy's voice chanted a resolveless melody, dreamily, lonesomely, a fit accompaniment to the mournful cry of an owl in the forest behind the moonlight.

Wrapped in a cool *kimono*, breathing an odor of sandalwood, I sat upon the soft *tatami* of my room in the little old inn at the lakeside and gazed out through the open *shoji* at this dream-scene, beautiful beyond my power of telling. My mind, lulled to serenity by formless thought, began to see strange images floating athwart the moonbeams—fantastic ghosts of centuries dead, eerie wreaths of a vanished world that had its being, lived its proud, inconsequent life here upon this lakeside, under this very moon, and passed on, with measured, haughty tread, to the sound of clanking armor, wild, thrilling war-songs, and cries of pain, to that longed-for, prayed-for, fought-for Buddhist goal, Nirvana—nothingness. For across the wide valley, where Nara sleeps in aged uselessness to-day, the armies of the empire have marched and counter-marched through centuries. The first fixed capital of Japan, it has been the theatre of events as strange as might have been enacted upon another planet.

Shall we not believe with the belief of the simple-hearted in the tales that fill all this heart of old Japan with fantastic poetry and breath of ghosts? Why should we let cold, skeptic reason destroy this best of life's feast, this sweet romance, blessed softener of life's realities? *Takemikazuchi-no-Mikoto* rode down the moonbeams into this valley upon a beautiful milk-white deer. That was ages ago, before people began to build luxurious cities and gorgeous temples, and he came into a world that knew him not. He came, this young hero, to be lord of the soil, to provide plenty for the children of the gods, the offspring of *Ama-Terasu*, who lived here in the virgin heart of the world.

The god of *Kashima* dwelt in the hearts of the people, and *Takemikazuchi* needs must be humble and propitiate him, so with offerings and prayers he knelt and asked to be permitted to "lease just three feet of ground" in the shadow of the hills to the eastward. His petition was granted by the aged lord of *Kashima*, and in the middle of the night he set deliberately to work and inclosed an area of ten square miles. Next morning, in answer to the old god's enraged protest, he innocently declared that by "three feet of earth" he had meant soil of three-foot depth, and he warmly contended that it should be supplied in perfection of richness. The old god, having no alternative, conceded these extravagant demands, but as a measure of revenge decreed that no tree should ever send its roots farther than three feet into the earth, and that nothing requiring a greater depth should ever grow in the land. It must be, however, that his wrath was subsequently appeased, for surely the giant pines and camphor-trees that line the avenues up to the temple of *Takemikazuchi* take deeper root than this, and even the weeping wil-



THE IMPUDENT TAME DEER IN THE TEMPLE PARK AT NARA.

lows, mirrored in the lake, must be more strongly set in the rich, black soil.

After the advent of *Takemikazuchi*, Nara flourished as no city in all the empire ever had. Up to the year A. D. 710 there had never been a capital of Japan, the court being moved from place to place as suited the caprice or convenience of the reigning *Mikado*, but in the blossoming time of that year the Empress *Gemmyo*, coming to Nara to worship at the shrine of her ancestors, fixed upon the spot as a fit residence for the heaven-descended and established the court there. For seventy years, during the reigns of seven Emperors, the city flourished to the attainment of its greatest greatness, but it was destined to yield place to the glorious valley of the *Kamogawa*, whither the Emperor removed the capital in A. D. 794, and where it remained until the growing necessities of modern progress demanded its second removal to the coast of the Bay of *Yeddo*, where it now flourishes as the modern great city of *Tokio*.

It's all one's life is worth to get to Nara. One leaves *Kioto* in high feather, anticipating a charming ride through a beautiful old historic valley, every mile of which is full of interest, and every little town and hamlet of which has been the theatre of events of the deepest interest to the student of Japanese history. It is only twenty-eight miles from *Kioto* to Nara, but it is a twenty-eight miles to be remembered by the traveler who has had to cover it on one of the little "daily" trains that run on the *Kioto-Nara* Railroad. It's all right as far as *Fushimi*. The train goes sedately along, after the manner of "accommodations" in other lands, and one is permitted for a little while to peacefully think one's thoughts, to revive in imagination the ancient life of the country, to picture the grandeur that existed in this old town three hundred odd years ago, when the palace of *Hideyoshi*, "The Napoleon of Japan," the most magnificent ever erected in the empire, stood on *Momoyama*, the wooded hill to be seen to the westward; when imperial trains, in gorgeous trappings, marched up and down the highway to and from the capital, and warriors in the fantastic uniform of that great day filled all the country with the clank of swords and the glint of armor.

One thinks quickly of all this as the train rolls through the sleepy old town, and one must promise one's self a day on *Momoyama* to dream all the great old story out in detail, for there's no time now. The train suddenly begins to run as if it had escaped the controlling hand of the engineer and were going mad. The short telegraph-poles below the grade begin to flash by so rapidly one cannot count them, the white gravelled grade itself becomes a glinting streak rice-fields become mere formless swamps, and people specks on the blurring scene. I have been on many a fast train in America. My heart has thrilled with a half-fear often enough on our own great overland expresses, which annihilate space, but I declare I never felt anything like the sudden stop of my heart on that foolish

little "two-by-four" train on a little branch railway in the heart of Japan.

We whirled through the tea-gardens of *Uji* at a mad rate that in my soul of souls I resented. It seemed a crime against all sentiment. These ancient tea gardens are famous the world over for the production of such tea as cannot be duplicated anywhere else. They are pompously referred to as "tea plantations" by the unappreciative, but none of them consists of more than an acre or a few feet of ground, and "plantations" seems rather enlarging upon their dignity; and then, too, "gardens" seems more appropriate because they are kept like gardens—gardens of rare flowers wherein priceless blossoms come to fragrant maturity. Each little plot of ground belongs to a different family, and every family in the province joins in the annual contest for the production of the finest tea. There are no firms of tea buyers in the vicinity to handle the leaves and get them ready for the great markets. This is done by each family in its own primitive way, and it is most interesting, in May and early June, to walk along the narrow streets in the tiny villages and see the picturesque little people working among the tea leaves spread out on mats upon the floor or at the roadside. Each family gives to its own production whatever fancy name it chooses, and this goes with it into the market, so when one drinks an egg-shell cup of "Jeweled Dew," or "Liquid Amber," or "Wine of Gold," one sips perhaps a peasant poem thought out in quaint Japanese simplicity. Some of the tea produced around *Uji* brings enormous prices in the market, as much as six or seven dollars a pound sometimes, while some of it is spoken of as "priceless."

However, the passenger on the Nara train gets little chance to think of all this. He must needs cling to his seat for dear life, as if he were on a ship in the midst of a typhoon. The train rocks from side to side in a frightful manner, and I verily believe it runs along most of the way with the wheels on one side spinning in mid-air. I was so glad when we finally came to a stop at Nara and I was able to get out of my little box of a compartment and into a rickety old 'riksha' that rattled along at a rational rate of speed.

If one comes in on the early afternoon train there is ample time for sight-seeing before the hour when all Japan drinks tea.

"To *Kasuga-no-Miya*," said I to my *kuramaya*, having, of course, carefully consulted the inevitable little red guide-book. *Kasuga-no-Miya* is the temple of *Takemikazuchi*, the swindling young hero to whom so many shrines are dedicated in rice-fields and tea-gardens within the province. He is not worshiped alone, however, in this wonderful old edifice, but has for company the ancestor of the great *Fujiwara* family, that for so many centuries held the throne and the destinies of Japan in absolute control, and some mythical heroes of old who are supposed to watch over the fortunes of the nation. As we roll along the great avenue, tree-lined and perfectly kept, we are set upon by numberless deer that come begging for cakes, or for anything one may happen to have for them to eat. They are so tame that they are positively impudent, and all but climb into one's 'riksha' in their aggressive sociability.

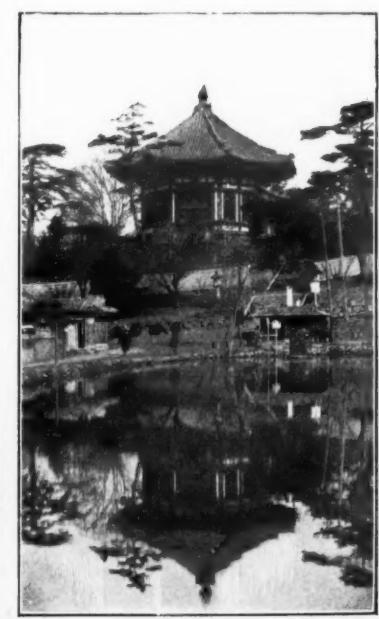
The deer are sacred above all things in that sacred "three feet" of ground, because *Takemikazuchi* chose one of their kind upon which to make his descent from the god-world, and is supposed, therefore, to favor them particularly. There are many hundreds of them scattered through the forests and over the hills, and not so very long ago, up to the beginning of the era of *Meiji*, or Enlightenment, in 1868, it was a capital offense to kill one of them. All along the avenues, under the trees, are little booths, kept by weazened old women, where one may buy stacks of thin bran-cakes to



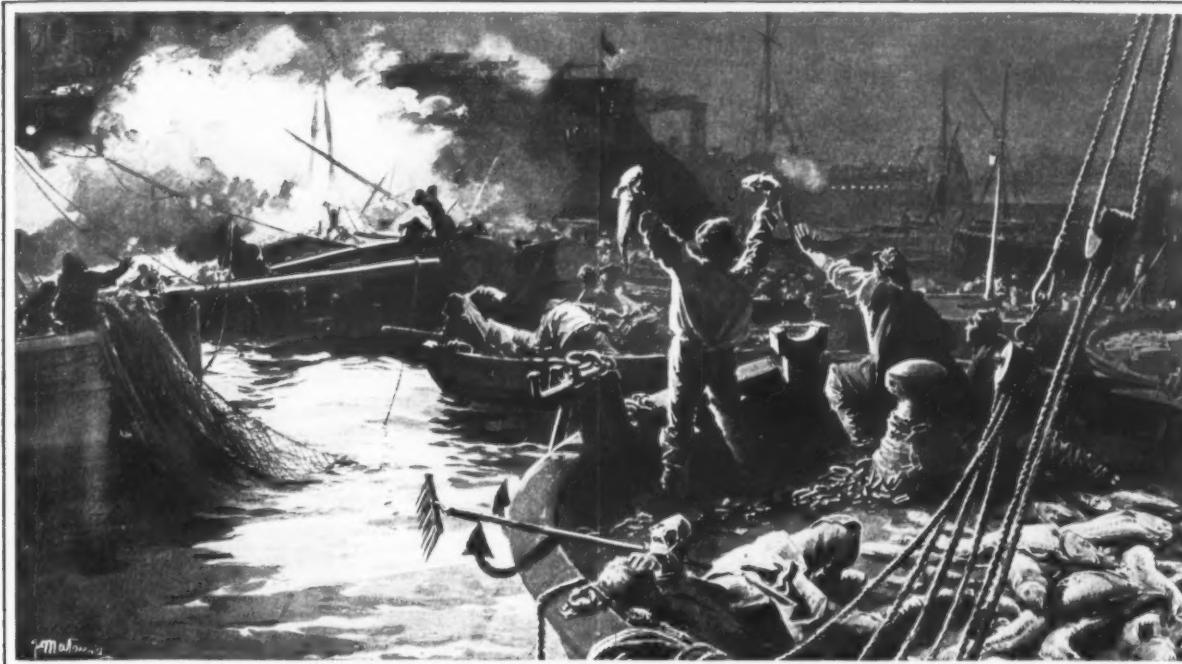
ANCIENT "WEEPING-TREE" AT NARA, IN A CORNER OF THE COURT OF *KASUGA-NO-MIYA*.



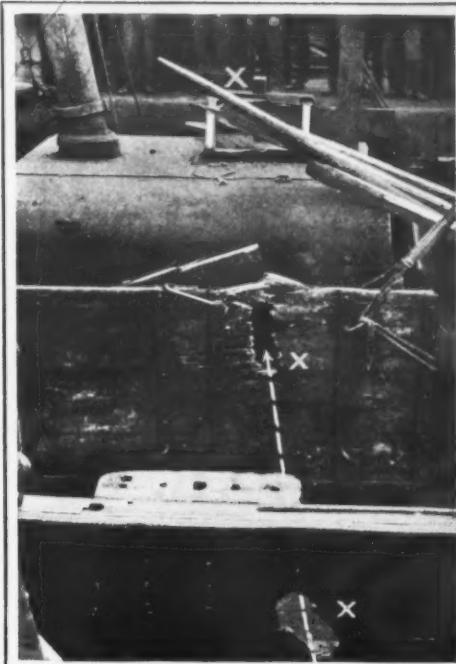
ANCIENT PAGODA AT NARA, AND THE LITTLE JAPANESE INN BY THE LAKESIDE.



BEAUTIFUL SCENE AT NARA, ON THE MARGIN OF THE LAKE.



BOMBARDMENT OF THE ENGLISH FISHING-VESSELS BY THE RUSSIAN FLEET.
Drawn by Fortunio Matama.



TRAULER "MINO" DAMAGED BY A SHOT WHICH PASSED THROUGH THE BOAT.—*Sphere*.

OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK OF RUSSIAN WAR-VESSELS ON A BRITISH FISHING FLEET.

CZAR'S BALTIC SQUADRON, EN ROUTE TO THE ORIENT, WHILE IN A STATE OF PANIC AT NIGHT, FIRES ON INNOCENT TRAWLERS IN THE NORTH SEA, SINKING ONE, DAMAGING OTHERS, AND KILLING TWO AND WOUNDING SEVERAL SAILORS

feed to them, and it isn't the simplest thing in the world to escape in safety after these are all gone. At the entrance to the temple grounds I got my feet badly stepped upon and my watch-chain broken before I recognized the necessity for immediate retreat. Within the temple inclosure they are not likely to follow, because there is not much to attract them in the bare, broad avenues and among the thousands of stone lanterns set so closely together that a blade of grass could hardly find growing room.

These lanterns are the most remarkable feature of Kasuga-no-Miya, and I think there is no other place in Japan where there are so many of them, so beautifully disposed, in such ideal seclusion. They line the avenues, under the giant trees, so thickly as to almost form stone walls. They are from three to ten feet high and of varying designs. Some are covered with the moss of ages and some are comparatively new, but all are fantastic, and eloquent of a faith beyond one's comprehension. This is a pure Shinto temple and has fewer Buddhist symbols in evidence than any other I know outside the sacred province of Ise. There are no images, of course, of Takemikazuchi and his illustrious associate deities. Their spirits reside within the holy precincts of the temple and need no visible representation.

A Shinto temple is always the earthly abode of the gods to whom it is dedicated, and it is always built in the simplest possible form, usually entirely undecorated, but the worshipers at Kasuga-no-Miya have an idea, evidently, that their gods desire much light, for they have painted the structure the brightest imaginable red, and in every place about the galleries where a lantern can be hung, there a lantern hangs. And such beautiful ones they are! Some of them are of brass so finely wrought that one would think they should be kept in satin-lined caskets instead of being left out there in all kinds of weather. Then there are many of bronze and iron and copper, exquisite little ones some of them, and in such patterns as would make an enthusiastic collector long to commit robbery. They are hung around the brilliant galleries within the temple court so closely that they touch each other and clank together as they are swung by the breeze.

While one stands and admires the grotesque poetry of it all and wonders in silence at its potency, the worshipers come and go in an almost steady procession, and one hears constantly the rattle of small coins in the huge cash-box at the temple door, and the loud clapping of hands which is supposed to attract the attention of the deities within. At the end of another tree-canopied, lantern-lined walk is a smaller temple, "dedicated to the son of Ama-no-Koyane," says the guide-book, and thither one idly wanders, meditating formlessly upon this sweet temple seclusion and all it represents of the heart-life of Japan. Walking along this silent moss-grown path, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder how all those stone lanterns came to be there, and upon inquiring I learned that they are all the gifts of Daimios and retainers of Daimios from other provinces. A Daimio was, in the days before Meiji, the lord of a province, or district, who kept a great army—or a small one, according to his rank and power—of *samurai*, or two-sword men, and the name of Daimio is rather awe-inspiring to the common folk even to this day.

At the temple of the illustrious son of Koyane was something entirely unique, or at least peculiar to Shinto temples of the purest order. Vestal virgins, all dressed in the ancient costume of priestesses, were waiting to perform the sacred dance before the shrine—for a consideration. If we had happened upon such a performance in the regular course of service it would have been much more interesting, but such good fortune seems never to befall a foreigner in Japan. There

were only two of these "vestal virgins" on duty. They were little mites of girls, probably fourteen or fifteen years of age, dressed in long, flowing robes of white, transparent silk, over scarlet underdresses marvelously patterned. Their hair hung in straight, unbeautiful strings down their backs, and was "crowned" with heaps of tawdry stage flowers and tinsel. Their faces and necks were whitewashed as white as Tom Sawyer's fence, all except the spots behind their ears, which were more than naturally brown by contrast.

The dance itself is away beyond my powers of description. Certainly no simple vocabulary like mine could do it justice. It was done to the accompaniment of an "orchestra" of white-robed priests, who sat on the floor in a corner and slapped queer little goblin drums with the palms of their hands, howling at the same time in a way that made me think: "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon." Such absurd yelps and growls never issued from other human lips, and the thought that it was all in the way of a "religious service" was almost too much for my gravity. But I managed to keep a serious face, while the two "vestal virgins" gave the best mechanical-doll act I ever saw. One of them got so entirely mechanical, in consequence of her all-absorbing interest in my camera, that she got out of step to the seven-thirteen tempo of the symphony, and had to be pulled by the sacred sleeve, at which she jerked herself back into line and stood waiting for the next "movement," as if one of her springs had suddenly snapped.

Presently the howling ceased in the middle of nowhere, just as the priestesses were on the point of dropping on all fours for the twentieth time, and then the funniest thing of all happened. Instead of getting themselves together and retiring decently behind a screen, making a sort of "act" of the thing, they suddenly performed a corkscrew motion without the exercise of an unnecessary muscle—a thing I couldn't imitate in a hundred years—and sat themselves flat upon the floor, regardless of sacred finery, where they could get a good square look at me with my curious head-gear and my camera. I wanted them to come out into the light where I could take a picture of them, but the crabbed old priest wouldn't permit it. These girls are never allowed to go outside, or to step upon the ground while they are in the service of the temple, and they look it! They are the thinnest, yellowest, scrawniest little creatures I ever saw. It was a remarkable exhibition—a revelation almost of Japan's fantastic past—and I gave up my two yen and went my way wiser by far, for in their sordidness and puerility these priests of the state religion of the empire revealed much that is usually hidden from the scoffing foreigner.

On the way to Daibutsu-do, the temple of the great image, just a few minutes' walk over the hills, one must pass the row of little souvenir booths where everything for sale is made of deer horn, and where little women with blackened teeth come out in the road and almost prostrate themselves, begging "Oku San," the honorable madam, to descend to merely step up and bestow a glance upon the miserable, unworthy, ugly, foolish things they have the impudence to offer for sale. Such humiliates and honorifics one soon begins to understand in this land of extreme courtesy, and they are hard to resist. But what's the use of a lot of deer-horn hair ornaments that nobody but a Japanese *musume* would wear—deer-horn vases and ink-stands and hat-racks and pipes and paper-racks?

No; I couldn't stop. I trudged on over the hills, while my *kuramaya* took my *riksha* on around by the valley road to meet me at Daibutsu-do, and I could not be tempted until I came upon a little booth where a man was making swords. The forge glowed at the back of the little open house, and the clank-clank of

the hammer on the steel caught my quick attention because I had read of the famous swordsmiths of Nara, and this might be one of them. I approached the entrance and sat down upon a little stool that stood on the ground below the raised platform that always serves for a "counter" in a Japanese shop. Immediately the smith forgot his work and set upon me with his stock of blades, although I think he rather scorned to show them to a mere woman who could not appreciate their perfections. I looked and admired, however, to his evident satisfaction, but I was more interested in the interior of his shop than in his swords. Over the forge was a sort of Shinto *torii*, on which were strung the usual Shinto prayer emblems of twisted rope and strips of paper, and, remembering the stories I have read about how the famous swords of Japan have been forged with solemn religious rites under just such a representation of the sacred gateway of the gods, I was fascinated.

I might even now, I thought, be looking upon a forge where some of the great swords of Japan's great history of swords were made in perfection under the guidance of the gods; for, like everything else in Japan, this honorable business descended from father to son through generations and honorable ages, and what could be more probable than that this old moss-covered house, almost in the shadow of one of the oldest Shinto temples in Japan, should have been the scene of some of these old fantastic rites? The little old man chatted away at me, but I understood so little of what he said that I couldn't talk with him; so I went on my way, after having purchased a beautiful dagger with which he cut a coin in two for me. Its blade is perfect and its handle and sheath, of polished cedar, are inlaid with bits of pearl, and he charged me only one yen fifty sen for it—seventy-five cents in American money. I was disposed to believe in him thoroughly after this, because it is only the base imitators, who have come under the corrupting influence of the foreigners, who charge foreign prices for things. A Yokohama curio dealer would have known enough to have charged five yen at least for the exquisite little toy, and I should have been perfectly satisfied.

It took me such a time to get over the hills to Daibutsu-do that the evening sun was casting long, thin rays of light through the crevices of the aged, crumbling structure that incloses this monster idol like a moulder casket; and through these light streaks the dust floated and glimmered, dazzling one's eyes and making the deep shadows in the cavernous corners doubly deep. I had gone straight up to the entrance and into the building without stopping to think of anything else than that it was getting very late, and, coming thus suddenly upon the giant image, I was startled, almost frightened. I didn't think it would be so huge. I didn't think anything could be. Standing, as I did, below the lowest petal of the lotus-flower upon which it sits, I felt crushed, overborne by something of mere brute size. It is fifty-three and a half feet high in a sitting posture, well proportioned. Its face is sixteen feet long and nearly ten feet broad, and it breathes an atmosphere of almost overpowering indifference to trivialities.

I tried to think the thought that it had been sitting there, just there, in all its majesty and awful calm, for eleven hundred and ten years, but I couldn't. Nobody could. Thought may leap back over millenniums and grasp the occurrence of single great events, but thought cannot travel back through the years upon

Continued on page 522.

Good health is real wealth—Abbott's Angostura Bitters is a veritable fortune to the weak.



A Thanksgiving Dinner in Hawaii

By Katharine Coman

THE HOTEL management promised us a real New England dinner, with turkey and cranberry sauce imported from the States, but we had no appetite for these simulated joys, and gladly accepted an invitation to a native *luau*. The feast was given in honor of Kino, one of the few home-rulers who had won a seat in the Legislature at the recent electoral contest. We were Republicans and *haoles*, but our invitation was no less cordial. It is not in Kanaka nature to cherish party animosities, and Republicans, Democrats, and home-rulers were all alike welcome.

Our drive along the coast road from Hilo to Onomea was a rare delight. High above us to the left rose the white peak of Mauna Loa. On the right lay the sea, a broad expanse of sapphire blue. The boom of the breakers in the rock caverns below came to our ears—threatening, incessant. On either side the high road stretched the cane-fields, thousands of acres of golden green, shimmered over with tints of lavender and violet and wine—for it was blossoming-time. Some vestiges of tropic forest remained to prove that these billows of verdure were not corn-fields, and that this was not August and the home land, but November and Hawaii. Here and there a cocoanut palm lifted its plumed head high in air. To the cliff's edge clung graceful lauhala-trees, their dark foliage cutting a silhouette of Oriental arabesque against the blue.

The wild hibiscus along the roadside was resplendent with yellow blossoms. The lantana—rainbow-flower the natives call it—grew in rank shrubbery wherever allowed to have its way. The poinsetta, the costly pride of our home green-houses, was blooming gorgeously in cottage gardens. Time and again we stopped the carriage to gather some radiant flower, new to us but common enough in this land of eternal summer. Now and then, where a mountain stream cut a deep channel in the cliff, the road would drop to the sea level. There, hidden away in a nook between hill and river, lay the ancestral home of some Kanaka. The *kuliana* comprises fishing rights along the beach, a strip of wet taro land, a bunch of fruit-laden papayas, mango- and kukui-trees on the slope above—all that the family needs by way of food. The low hut, woven of grass and palm, affords adequate protection against sun and rain and admits abundant air. Its fragile walls are far more wholesome in this climate than lath and plaster.

Arrived at Onomea we found a grassy slope overhanging the road, where our host had erected the prettiest of outdoor booths—a bamboo trellis covered over with palm branches and festooned with the fragrant ginger-vine. We had luckily come in time to see the roast pigs taken from the underground oven. The *imu* had been prepared early in the morning. A trench about six feet square was paved with hot coals overlaid with *ti* leaves; two fat porkers, their bodies stuffed with heated stones, were laid upon this steaming bed; then more *ti* leaves and more coals, and finally a covering of earth. Two hours had sufficed to convert the tender flesh into a delicious compound of flavors and juices. With many ohs and ahs of delighted anticipation, six brawny Kanakas lifted the succulent creatures on to great *poi* boards and so bore them to the improvised buttery, a square fenced in with palm branches.

Meantime the guests were beginning to arrive—on foot and on horseback, in city hacks and in ramshackle farm vehicles, men, women, and children in every variety of summer costume. Duck suits for men and gay

holokus for women seemed the prevailing mode. Only a few girls who had received the boarding-school polish wore shirt-waists. One item of dress was, however, *en rgle*. Everybody had donned the *lei*, or close-woven wreath of flowers, so universally worn by Hawaiians as to seem a national emblem. Not the roughest small boy but did honor to the feast by putting a *lei* about his hat. There were *leis* of red or pink carnations, *leis* of rose hibiscus, *leis* of orange-hued lauhala pods, or, best of all, *leis* of the yellow ilima. It was a veritable riot of color. Even the flag-pole was topped off with a nosegay of brilliant poppies.

Everybody was exchanging greetings. Young men shook hands and young girls kissed each other—fashions learned from the *haoles*; but I liked better the delighted gurgling chuckle with which the old people expressed their pleasure in meeting a friend. Kino, a dignified old man whose fine features and gray hair contrasted oddly with his chocolate skin, could speak no English, but he smiled a benignant greeting to us, the strangers.

At last the moment of moments arrived. The signal was given by the firing of a gun and the running up of the Hawaiian flag. The rough table had been spread with *ti* leaves and ginger, in lieu of table-cloth and napkins. Bowls of *poi* and plates of roast meat were ranged along the board at frequent intervals. Everybody was served to sweet potatoes, baked under ground, dried fish, shrimps salted and fresh (so fresh that they were still wriggling), and, as the final delicacy, kukuinut paste, salt and pungent. Still no one touched the viands, and I was wondering why we waited, when the sound of music broke the stillness. Eight handsome native boys marched slowly up the green and twice around the booth, singing *Aloha nui* in a way to bring tears even to the eyes of the American. Then we fell to.

What if knives and forks were lacking? So much the better opportunity to display daintiness in the use of the fingers. There was no haste, no noise, but a general air of self-respect and good-breeding. The little person opposite me could hardly have seen four summers, but she deftly ate her two-finger *poi* with conscious pride. We aliens found everything delicious. Not even Charles Lamb's dissertation on roast pig had prepared my palate for the unsurpassed delights of the *imu*. English pigs are not roasted in *ti* leaves, and so lack the delicate aroma of spicy smoke. My kind hosts found me a spoon, but when I put it

aside and essayed *poi* from my finger-tips, they nodded a pleased approval. The guide-books say that although the hospitality of the natives is unlimited, and an invitation to a *luau* is readily given, some contribution to the expenses of the feast will always be in order. Our proffered coin was, however, rejected, and we were assured in the gentlest Hawaiian that our presence had but enriched the feast. The sincerity of our welcome could no longer be doubted.

And all the while those brown-skinned boys with the melancholy eyes were strumming their guitars and singing Hawaiian songs. Simple melodies, and chanted in a minor key, they touched the heart in a way not easy to comprehend. They seem to voice the native's unconscious, unreasoning delight in Nature and all her works—flowers, sunshine, moonlight, the sighing of the wind in the palms, the lapping of waves against the boat's keel. Not passionate nor inspiring is this music of the Hawaiians, but soothing and alluring. The old people drone weird, aboriginal chants, learned from the men who were grandfathers in their childhood—wild war-songs and *hulus*, these; but most of the songs one hears nowadays have been written under the influence of civilization. They are not so rude as the negro melodies, and have never the element of the grotesque, but they convey the same suggestion of pathos and defeat.

For the Hawaiian race has no future. One hundred years of contact with the white man has reduced the Kanakas to a tithe of their original numbers. In another hundred years they will be extinct. This is not the result of cruelty or neglect. They have never been conquered, they have never been enslaved. On the contrary, the hope of forcing the Kanakas to labor was early abandoned. The missionaries sedulously guarded their rights in the soil and provided them with schools and churches in plenty. The Hawaiians are dying because there is no element of resistance in the blood. They may be Caucasian in origin, as some ethnologists dimly guess, but they have been enervated by long sojourning in a land where nature gives lavishly everything essential to life. The vigor of the race has lapsed with desuetude. The Kanakas readily succumb to the white man's diseases and the white man's vices. They give way before his superior industrial energy as the native birds retreat before those enterprising invaders, the Mina bird and the English sparrow. The law of the survival of the fittest does not spare them.

Bavaria's Locomotives.

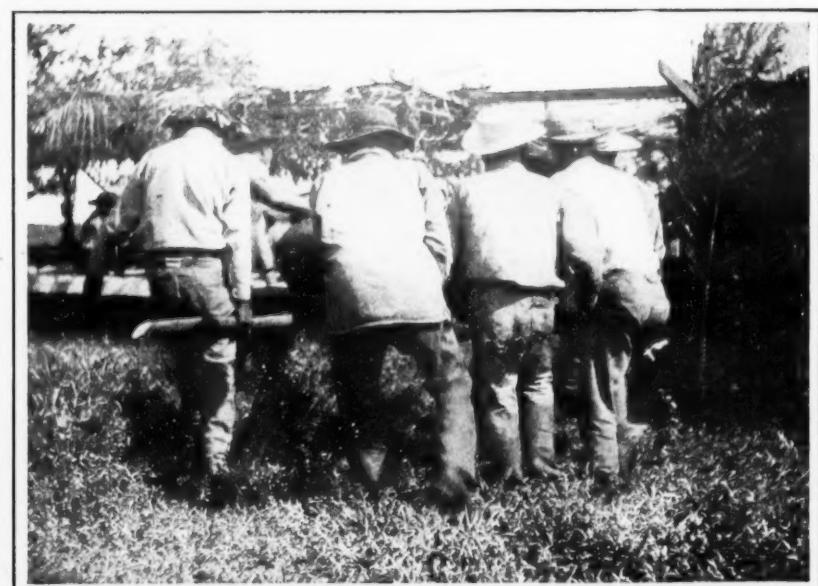
THE BAVARIAN government has decided to construct a large number of new locomotives upon the models of the American locomotives introduced by the railways of Bavaria nearly four years ago. During the next two years forty locomotives of class B, eighteen of class C, and twelve of class D are to be replaced by seventy new locomotives, and 5,000,000 marks (\$1,190,000) are to be expended for this purpose. The two locomotive factories in Munich, the large establishment of Maffei, as well as that of Kraus, are to be favored in the distribution of these contracts. The hope is expressed by our consul-general at Munich, Germany, Mr. J. H. Worman, that American locomotive builders will not lose this opportunity to secure renewed orders in Germany, since their locomotives have become the type for those about to be introduced, and have proven, after due trial, the most approved models.



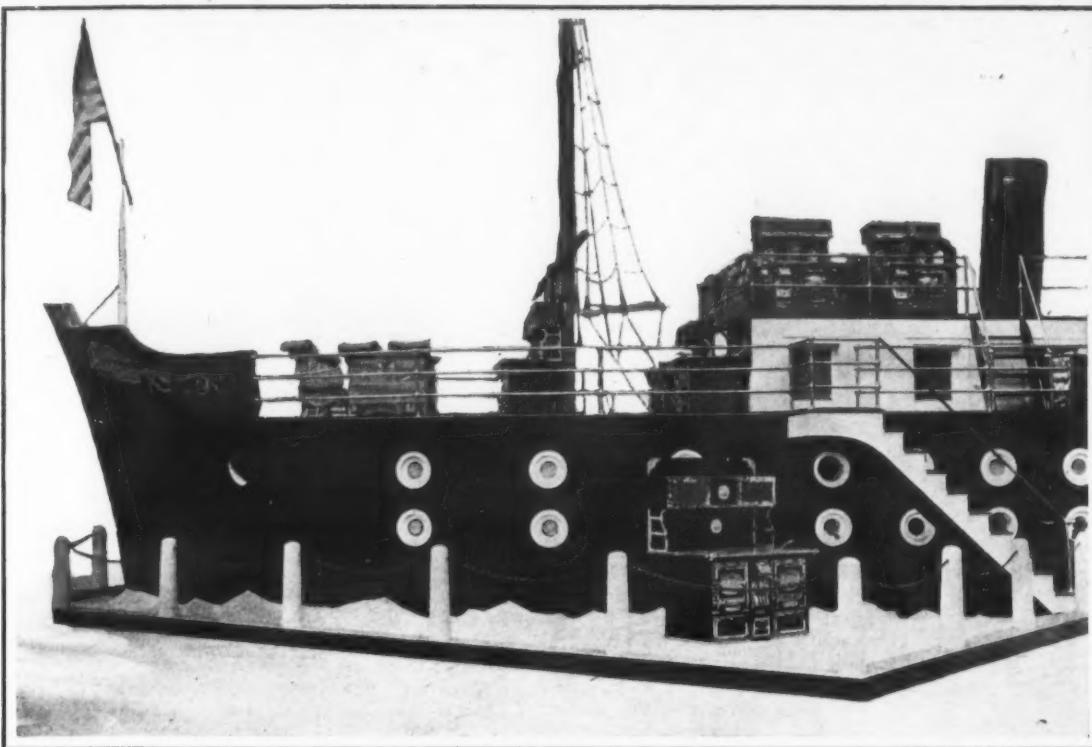
HAPPY PARTY PARTAKING OF A THANKSGIVING FEAST OUTDOORS IN HAWAII.



THE ROASTED PIG FOR THE FEAST JUST TAKEN FROM THE UNDERGROUND OVEN.



STALWART NATIVES BEARING THE WELL-ROASTED PORKER TO THE TABLE.



MODEL OF STEAM-BOAT—MADE BY A MANUFACTURING COMPANY—IN MANUFACTURES BUILDING.
Stark.



ONE OF THE GUARDIANS OF SIAM, IN FRONT OF SIAM'S
BUILDING.—Miller



TEA-KETTLE OF THE GIANTS, AMONG THE MANUFACTURERS' EXHIBITS.—Stark.



VISAYAN BOYS AT THE PHILIPPINE VILLAGE TAKING A BATH WITH CARABAOS.—Miller.



EGYPTIAN JUGGLER HANDLING A LIVE COBRA.—Copy-
right, 1904, Louisiana Purchase Exposition.



STRANGE TOTEM POLES OF THE ALASKA INDIANS ON THE GOVERNMENT CONCESSION.
Miller.

ODD THINGS SEEN AT THE RECENT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.
CURIOUS BITS OF HUMAN HANDIWORK, BOYS AND BUFFALOES TAKING A BATH, AND A JUGGLER TOYING WITH
A DEADLY SNAKE.



Americans Now Well Treated in Spain

By Gilson Willets, special correspondent for *Leslie's Weekly*

MADRID,
October 30th, 1904.

THERE ARE more Americans to-day in Spain—a country little larger than California—than in the whole of mighty Russia. There are here more Yankee tourists—following the man from Cook's—than in tourist-ridden Japan, including even the recent hordes of tied-up and disgusted "war correspondents." And who do you think is the best-known American in the whole country from Madrid to San Sebastian? This is best answered in the first, last, and eternal question put to me during the six days of my journey among the Spaniards: "Say, do you know Señor Chatfield-Taylor?" The question referred to Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, the millionaire novelist of Chicago. "He's been coming here and dashing about for years," added every Spanish statesman, journalist, and public man whom I talked with. "And he's always doing what you Yankees call 'writing us up.' We think of him as about the greatest of your historians. Is he?"

You can't throw a brick anywhere in Spain without hitting some landmark associated with Chatfield-Taylor. The house he occupied in Madrid is pointed out by the cabbies to every American traveler. At San Sebastian the guide says: "Over there, señor, is the Palace of Miramar, where his Majesty the King lives; and over here, señor, is the villa where your countryman, Señor Chatfield-Taylor, lives when he is here." At the public library in Madrid the attendant took a long time to find a book. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Chaos, señor," was the reply; "all chaos since the Señor Chatfield-Taylor was here and searched every book in the building."

The surprising number of Americans here is easy to account for. Our consuls at Madrid, Barcelona, Cadiz, Cartagena, and Seville all said, in substance: "Americans come here—to buy? No, to sell! They buy wines, to be sure. But their principal business here is to sell those articles which will make of these people a less barefooted and less bareheaded race. One New York traveling agent said that his business was to make the people less barefaced—for he was selling veils."

At San Sebastian—the Narragansett Pier of Spain—where the young King has taken lessons in the art of breakneck motoring—there are almost as many Americans as at Ostend or Trouville. These represent, of course, the wealthier of the pleasure-seeking Yankees—the latter in turn representing the majority of the floating American population.

A matter that recently brought Spain prominently before the eye of the English-speaking world was a proposed visit by the Spanish King to England, where he was to be the guest of King Edward and of the whole nation. He speaks English exceedingly well. "Only one circumstance mars popular acclaim of the projected visit," said a Madrid morning paper, "and that is the now proposed date, October 13th. This, in addition to our sovereign's unlucky thirteenth place among the Alfonso's, is too much for our superstitious readers, who hope the date will be changed." The date was changed and the visit has been deferred. Alfonso got his XIII. somewhat in compliment to his father, Alfonso XII., but chiefly to his godfather, Pope Leo XIII.—yet the peasantry trembles.

In Madrid two of our old friends of 1898 granted me an interview. One of these became our very much beloved and respected friend—Admiral Cervera. The other was our friend by courtesy only, for we never spoke of him except to "roast" him—General Weyler. To both of these gentlemen I presented letters of introduction from the Spanish ambassador in London, the Duke of Mandas. The admiral talked with me in a leisurely way for a whole morning; the general, brisker, more blunt in manner, concluded the interview in less than an hour. In searching for Admiral Cervera's Madrid address I thought it best to apply at the navy department. "Navy?" said the attendant at the door. "Ah! the señor means the ministry of marine." A most significant remark, surely! For, alas! what's the use of a department for some-

thing that was destroyed and never rebuilt? "Marine" covers the present situation fully.

"But Admiral Cervera is quite retired, you know," said a "marine" secretary. I replied that, retired or active, Admiral Cervera's personality and whatever he might have to say would be of interest to the people across the Atlantic, to whom he was once, more than anything else, an honored guest. Reluctantly the secretary gave me the address—for Admiral Cervera was long ago relegated to the rear, the scapegoat of Spanish statesmen.

In a dark side street, in the poorer district, over which the King's palace towers like a great hotel or public institution—such being its exterior appearance—Admiral Cervera lives in the nearest approach to a "flat" known in Madrid. It was a roomy enough apartment, but not at all the dignified dwelling in which one would expect to find a hero whose name is known the world over. The admiral promptly appeared—an olderish man, sad of face, gentle of manner, courteous to the last degree. He wore a light-silk smoking-suit—possibly pajamas. After handing me a long, black cigar he went to a shelf, took down a heavy volume, laid it before me, and said: "There's something will interest you."

It was a bound volume of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*—including all the "war numbers." "I am a bit older now, eh?" he said, indicating one of the many portraits of himself that we came to as we turned over the pages. "I got that volume out ready to show you—as soon as I received your note saying that you were from that paper," he said, with childish delight. "And now, tell me, how is my friend, Admiral Schley? And poor Admiral Sampson!—I did not think I should survive him. And my other friend—Mr. Hobson—have your girls got through kissing him?" Here the admiral smiled grimly.

We spoke of his health. "Oh, yes! I am very well," he said, though he did not look it. "This Madrid air," he continued, "is better for one than people think. A consumptive Englishman was told that he could not live a year. He asked what was the most dangerous climate in Europe. Some said Madrid. So he declared that he would come here, where at least he could live the rest of his life among healthy people. He came—and he lived here eighteen years—and he did not die of consumption after all, but of over-eating. Look at our King! Every one thought he would go into consumption. To-day he is about as healthy a man as can be found in this selfsame Madrid. And he owes it all to his mother, the dowager Queen. He was born after his father's death—and 'tis said God favors the fatherless child. His mother has ever devoted her every moment and every thought to his health and his education. His Majesty in turn is devoted to the Queen-mother. People used to complain that her Majesty did not let them see enough of their King—that the Queen kept him too much immured in the palace. But her Majesty knew what she was doing, as the result shows. She brought him up on English methods—imported all his baby clothing from England, and washed his head several times a day. That may not strike you as important—but you will find that people do not wash their babies' heads here until after a certain time. And that's what makes so many young Spaniards bald. The King, however, has plenty of hair. The Queen is still the only person who can influence his Majesty when he is in one of his 'moods.' Her mere look or gesture of the finger is enough to bring him to reason."

We talked of the King's prospects. "His Majesty is destined to have the most prosperous reign of any monarch in this country for centuries," said the admiral. "The people are at last as free almost, as the people of England. The law of the constitution, not the King's will, prevails. The people are learning to invest their money in developing the country's resources—and that means a mutual interest among the people that touches their pocket-books and makes for peace at home. True, you Americans have taken hold of our mines, but it is Spanish money principally that

buys the shares in Spanish mines offered by the American developing companies."

And as to speculation about the King's marriage. "Yes; that has become a favorite topic," said the admiral. "But let me tell you a true story. His Majesty not long ago visited one of the famous towers at Granada, to get the magnificent view. At the top there is a bell, and the legend is that whoever touches that bell will marry within the year. The King was reminded of the legend, and he passed the bell without touching it. So don't look for the royal marriage this year. Whenever he wishes to marry he must have the consent of the Cortes—but he is quite equal to making his own choice and fighting for the girl he wants."

Before I left, the admiral handed me a book, saying: "Have you seen this? No? Well, take it with you. It is yours." It was a history of the part played by the Spanish navy in the war with America, written by one of Cervera's captains, Victor M. Concas Palan. At my hotel I looked the book over and found this passage marked, evidently by Cervera himself: "An Englishman who witnessed the naval events at Santiago wrote in the London Times: 'If Spain were served by her statesmen as she has been served by her navy she would be one of the greatest nations of the world to-day!'"

Then I went to see General Weyler. He lives in a splendid mansion in the fashionable part of the capital. Gorgeous servants ushered me into his presence. He was alert, youthful in appearance, and full of what an American would call "business." Last year he was minister of war, but to-day he is to the army about what General Corbin lately was to the United States army. He is rich, has no end of business interests, and is a politician from head to toe. By the Spaniards he is credited with much energy and common sense, and they say he made an excellent minister of war, undertaking a thorough reform of the army and pushing his reform measures as far as he could during his incumbency.

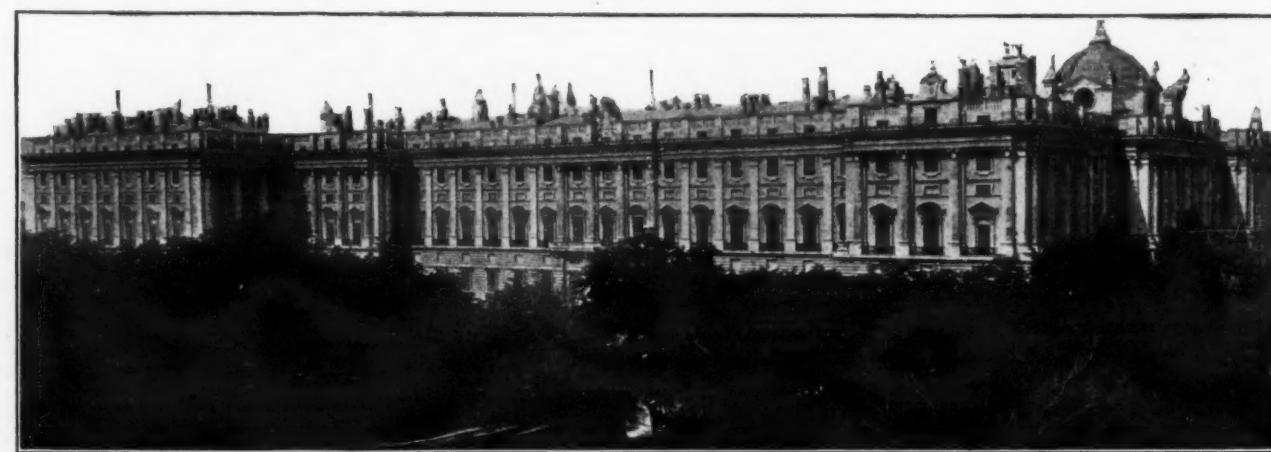
"Now, what is it you want?" he said. "What possible interest can your Yankee paper have in printing what I have to say. I didn't know your people even knew my name. Politics? In what way can our politics interest Americans? Every man in Spain is now a politician. We have orators in every café, and the whole place is full of cliques. Those of each clique hate those of every other clique. So our first business is to wipe out the cliques and weld the parties together. The hardest people we have to deal with are the very people whom the new liberties most benefit—the peasants. You can talk a peasant deaf, dumb, and blind, but you can't make him understand that he really has a part in the government of this country. Tell him to vote—he looks at you in amazement and says such matters are for the grandes and the dons. Tell him that he can better his own condition by voting, and he looks at you with incredulity. So that is our second task—to teach the peasant that government is himself, and that he need no longer blame any one but himself if the government doesn't suit him."

"Conscription? Yes! We still get our soldiers by that method—simply because our young men won't volunteer. But we have cut the army down to less than 100,000 on a peace footing—though our war footing is over a million men. Education? That's free everywhere—but I admit it is inefficient. We have some reforms to effect in that field. Now, supposing I were to come to the United States to study your public-school system. What would happen?" The general fired this question at me in a way that told me that he had kept it up his sleeve to test my readiness. What possible answer was there under the circumstances, excepting to say that he would meet with a courteous welcome.

"That's not the truth, and you know it," he blurted out. "Your papers would print big head-lines reading: 'The Butcher Has Arrived.' And then they would picture me as a man with a burning firebrand in one hand, a dripping dagger in the other, and a Mephistophelean expression on my face. Around me in the

picture would be stretched the dead bodies of those I had butchered. Now, is that not so?" After saying that he must hurry away, as he was going that day to San Sebastian to take part in a pigeon-shooting match, he said: "Be sure to tell your readers that whenever you looked in my house you beheld a butcher-knife."

Continued on page 529.



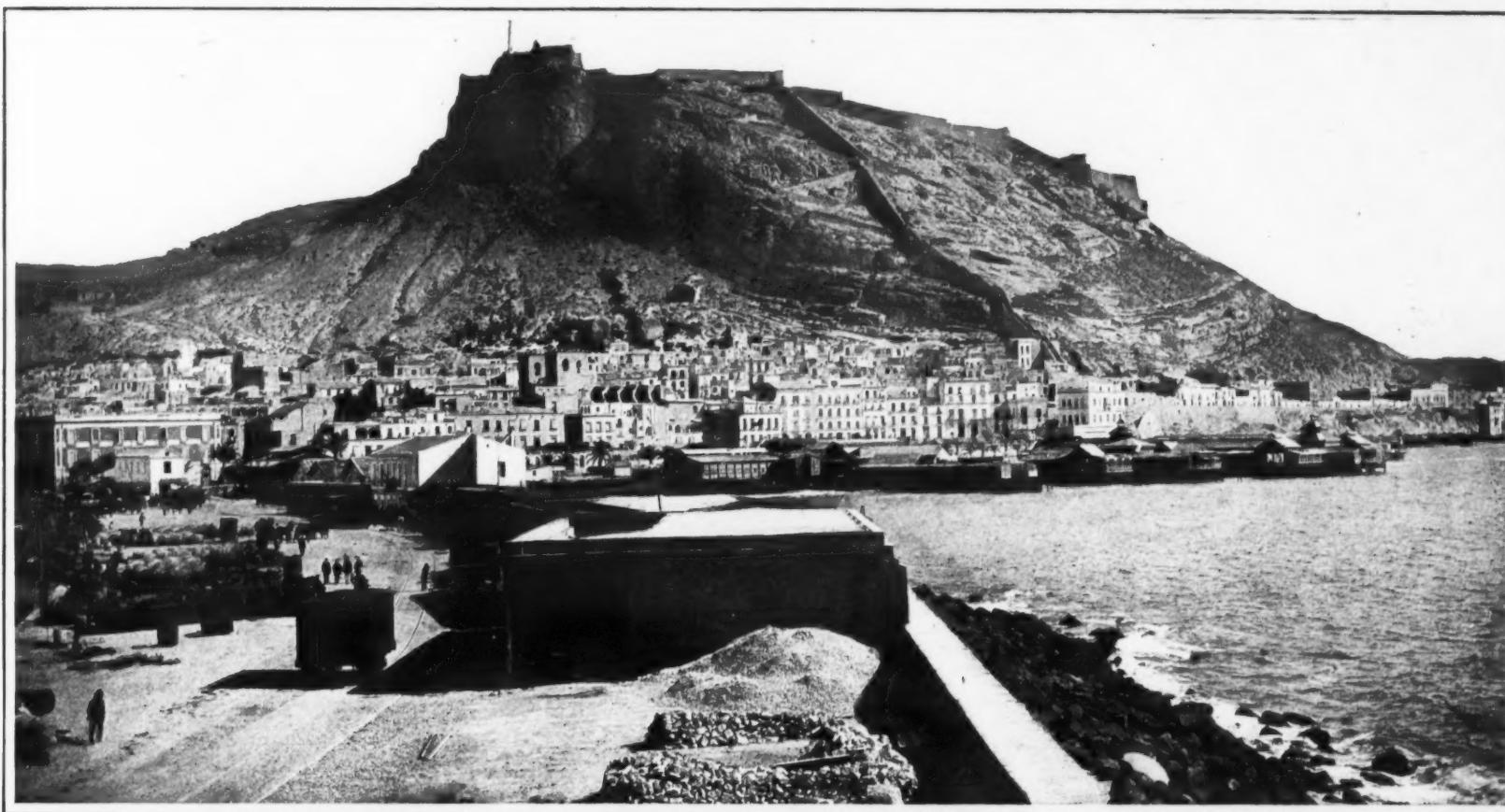
THE KING'S PALACE AT MADRID, SITUATED IN THE CITY'S POORER SECTION, WHERE, ALSO, IN AN ADJOINING STREET, ADMIRAL CERVERA LIVES.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, IN HUNTING COSTUME.



BUSY MARKET PLACE, AT CORUNNA, NEAR THE RESIDENCE OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL.



TOWN OF ALGECIRAS, NEAR GIBRALTAR, NOTED FOR ITS PEOPLE'S HATRED OF THE BRITISH.

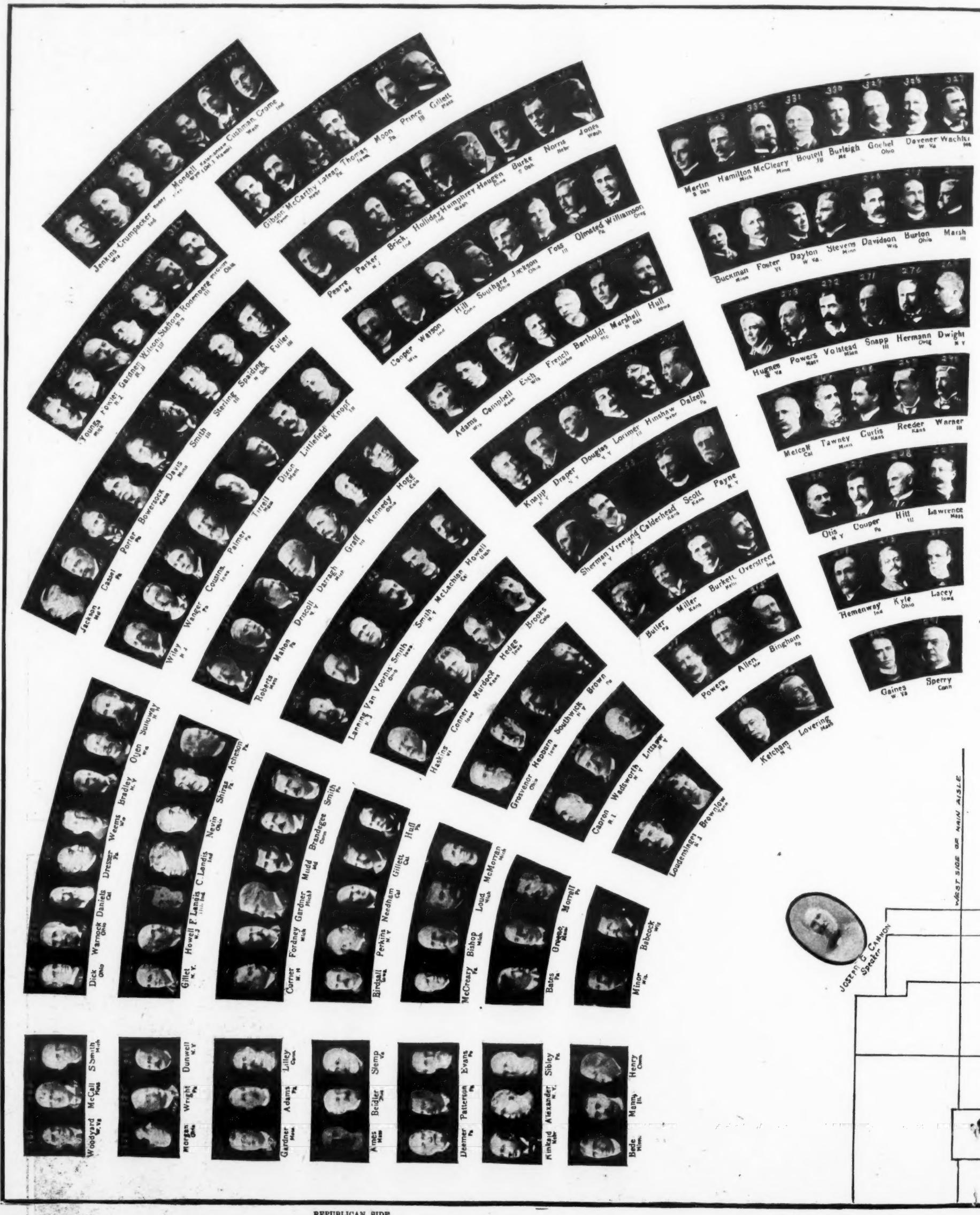


TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN COMMERCIAL BARCELONA, WHERE AMERICAN PROMOTERS HAVE ESTABLISHED HEADQUARTERS.

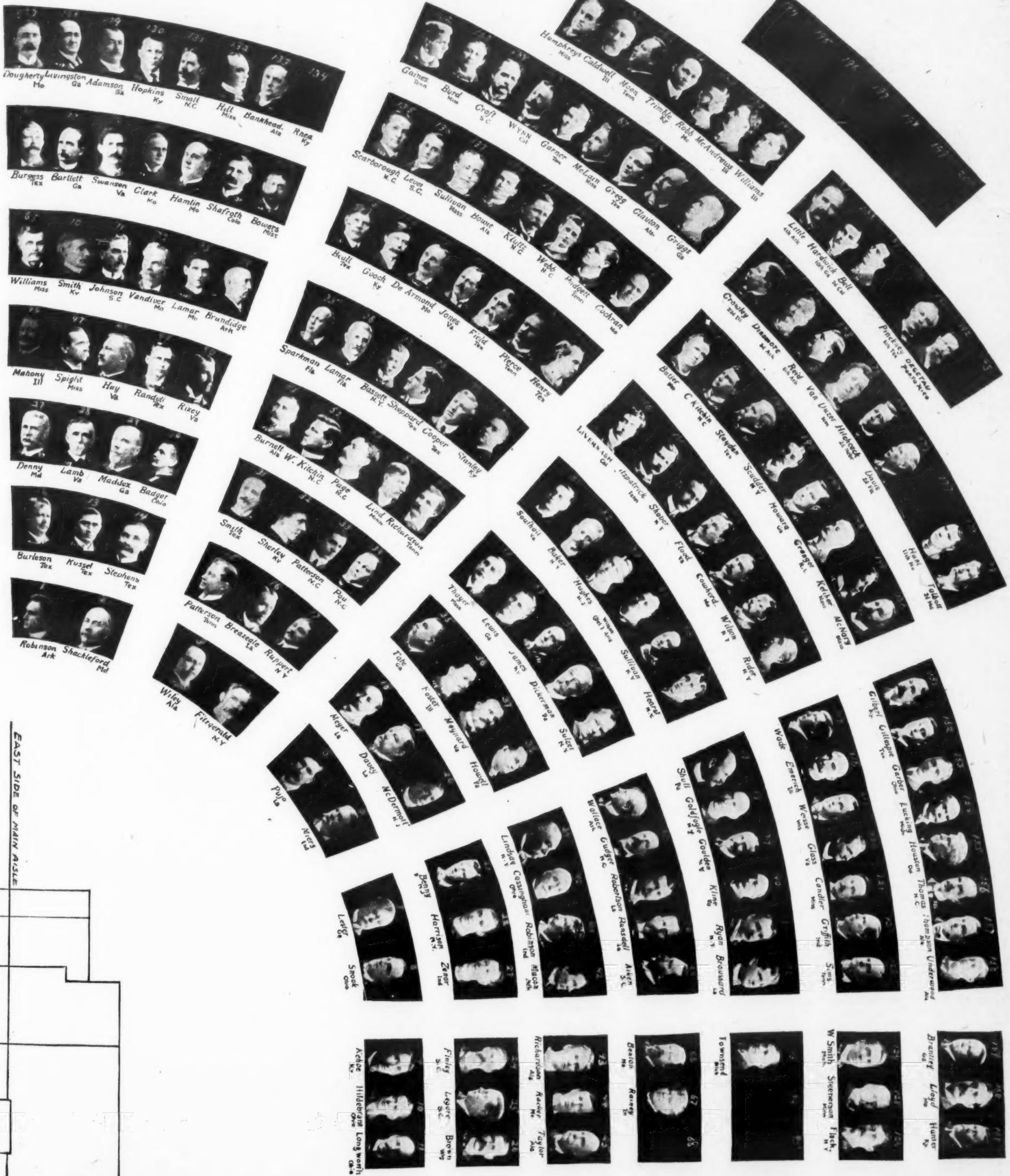


THREE OF THE TYPICAL CIGAR-GIRLS OF SEVILLE (IN HOLIDAY DRESS) WHO TOOK PART IN A GREAT STRIKE.

SIGHTS THAT GREET THE TOURIST IN THE TOWNS OF SPAIN.
ANCIENT AND HISTORIC CITIES IN THE BOY MONARCH'S KINGDOM, AND GLIMPSES OF THEIR PEOPLE.
See opposite page.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE IN
MEMBERS OF THE LOWER HOUSE OF THE NATION'S LEGISLATURE GROUPED
Copyright, 1904, by



DEMOCRATIC SIDE. (EIGHT REPUBLICANS ARE ON THIS SIDE.)

PEOPLE IN THE FIFTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

ARE GROUPED ACCORDING TO THE SEATS THEY OCCUPY IN REPRESENTATIVES' HALL.

Copyright, 1904, by W. S. Sims.

EAST SIDE OF MAIN AISLE

27500 NINN AND SON'S DESIGN

The Luck of a Lobsterman

By A. J. Kenealy

THE PRETTIEST girl in the lobster factory at Canso, Nova Scotia, was Nelly Campbell, a bewitching young damsel with rosy cheeks, dark, flashing eyes, black hair, and a beautiful figure. She was the daughter of Donald Campbell, the superintendent of the cannery establishment, and her duties were chiefly clerical—keeping count of the lobsters that were brought in by the fishers, giving them orders on the cashier for their money, and assisting in a general way to conduct the business. Miss Nelly had many worshipers among the fishermen and the farmers of the vicinity. The only man she gave the least encouragement to was young Aleck Cameron, a fine-looking fellow, tall and stalwart, with curly, yellow hair and large, blue eyes; a very Viking of a man of the sea salty. Born of a Scotch father and a Scandinavian mother, he seemed to have inherited the best traits of the two nationalities. He was much liked by all the primitive people who dwelt in the settlements on the Straits of Canso, and many a girl cast longing eyes on him as he sat in the little church on the hillside, or took part in any of the simple fishing-village gatherings or entertainments.

"Aleck, my lad," said the thrifty and canny father of the fair Nelly, in an accent as distinctly Scotch as though he had been born in Old Scotia instead of the New, "it's no use hoping to win my lass. The lad that gets her must have at least three thousand dollars in hand before I give my consent to wed. And Nelly is a biddable lass, and will not marry against her father's wish."

This was a blow to the young man's ambitious hopes, for how could he, a poor lobster-fisher, ever hope to acquire such a fabulous sum! In the north part of Nova Scotia three thousand dollars seems as big as one hundred thousand dollars in New York.

"Never mind, Aleck, dear," said Nelly, when they met later in the day; "we are young and can wait. I'll never marry any one but you; so be of good cheer and hope for the best."

The lovers parted with vows of undying constancy and devotion.

The wealthiest man in Canso was old Andrew Macfadden, the fish factor. He had been a whaler and amassed much money. When he retired from the sea he settled down in Canso, his native village, and started business as a fish factor. He also did a little money-lending at usurious rates to the owners of the fishing schooners, taking as security mortgages on the vessels themselves and their nets. He likewise advanced cash on real and personal property. He had the long, vulpine nose of the money-maker, a pair of shrewd green eyes set too close together for an honest man, a receding forehead, a freckled face, grizzled hair and whiskers. He was the only man in Canso who habitually wore a stove-pipe hat. Donald Campbell was a man who had great respect for wealth, no matter how acquired. He and the fish factor were pretty thick, the two being the principal personages of the village. Not that Campbell had as many hundreds of dollars as Macfadden had thousands, but the lobster factory gave to its superintendent importance and authority.

The true reason of Macfadden's intimacy with Campbell was his admiration of the fair Nelly. The old man was a childless widower. The women of Canso said that he had killed off his two wives and was anxious to add a third to his cemetery plot. He tried his hardest to win Nelly, but she repelled his courtship with a laughing raillery which the retired whaler found very exasperating. This, too, regardless of the various frowns and sometimes, indeed, sharp remonstrances of her father, who warmly favored and encouraged the fish factor's wooing. Donald Campbell dearly loved his daughter, and yet he would gladly have given her to this mean, miserly old curmudgeon, who had not a single warm or generous impulse in his whole body. This is often true of loving parents, who are willing to barter the flesh and blood of their daughters for hard cash. Explain it who can.

"Nelly is too good for any of the men hereabouts," her father confided to the fish factor. "She was educated at Halifax and has lots of learning and accomplishments."

"Give the lass to me," cried Macfadden, "and for a wedding present I'll give her a grand piano!"

This offer was not without its effect,

for every evening the praises of the fish factor were dinned by her father into the ears of Nelly, whose thoughts were far away with a stalwart, seafaring man with crisp, yellow hair and deep-blue eyes.

Working among the lobster-pots on the stormy, craggy coast of Nova Scotia is full of perils and hardship. The Canso fishing-boats are stout, stanch, and seaworthy. If they were not they would be useless for the service. But, splendid craft as they are, they often are wrecked in the heavy gales that start up suddenly and raise a savage sea that dashes fiercely on the rocky shore. Aleck Cameron's vessel was called the *Helen*, and she was one of the handsomest lobster-boats sailing out of Canso—only thirty feet long, but an excellent sea boat and a fast sailer. The lobster season opened early in May, and Aleck had set his lobster-pots in the most promising places he knew of, and the bait he used was what his long experience had taught him was the most tempting. He looked forward to a good season and hoped to materially increase the modest little sum he had stored away in the bank. If industry and thrift deserve the reward of success, then, surely, young Cameron should have prospered.

But the lobster fishery was poor that year. The few lobsters that did crawl into the pots were small and light. Old Donald Campbell was much disturbed in spirit. The crop was not within fifty per cent. of the average, and the increased price he offered brought no satisfactory result. Over and over again did Cameron seek new grounds for his pots, hoping to hit upon some fortunate feeding spot where the giants of the race gathered, instead of the puny creatures which, when stretched to the limit, would not measure the length required by the law, and consequently had to be cast overboard again to grow.

Every morning at dawn Aleck and his boy, Tony—a Portuguese waif from a wrecked fishing schooner, whom Aleck had succored—would board the *Helen* and set sail to tackle the weary and laborious round of the pots. The May mornings were chilly and the waves choppy,

and the fingers of boy and man were numbed as they hauled up the pots, took out the lobsters, and replenished the bait. Sometimes a stiff breeze would spring up, necessitating the shortening of sail. Then, snugged down to two reefs, the brave little boat resumed her task, thrashing into the spiteful seas, throwing the spray

about in a lively way, and drenching poor Aleck at the tiller. But it had to blow mighty hard before the *Helen* gave up and scuttled for shelter to the harbor. Aleck was always the last of the lobstermen to cease fishing because of hard weather, and when the rest of the fleet were at their moorings in land-locked shelter the *Helen* was out in the ruck of the storm under a fragment of canvas, pitching bows under, with her brave crew hauling up the pots, heedless of the blustering breeze and the briny spray.

Only when the frequent fog set in, covering the sea

with a dense white pall so thick that, as sailors say,

"you could plug the hawse pipes with it," did the *Helen*

sucumb to the inevitable. Unable to distinguish the

brightly-painted little buoys which marked the pots,

the skipper was forced, unwillingly, to give up business

until the weather cleared. Such was the daily toil of

Aleck and the boy, Tony, on the lobster-boat *Helen*. A

hard and laborious life, with few redeeming features

in it, as everybody must admit.

The one happy time of each day for Aleck was when he sailed into the little harbor and made his boat fast to the wharf of the cannery factory. While unloading his catch he had an opportunity of exchanging a few pleasant words with sweet Nelly, whose sympathy with him because of the paucity of his crustacean cargo did much to assuage his keen disappointment at his ill fortune.

"I shall have to seek some other—calling try my luck in a mackerel schooner or an American 'banker'—if the luck doesn't soon change," said Aleck, ruefully, to Nelly at a stolen interview. "This shall be my last season with the lobsters. When the factory closes, off I shall go to Boston and look for a chance."

"Don't lose heart, Aleck, darling. I feel that there is something good in store for us both. Only be patient."

Cheered up in some dim way by these brave words of his sweetheart, Aleck Cameron went about his work with a more courageous spirit. He sought newer fields yet for his lobster-pots and made every enterprising effort possible. But his ill fate still continued.

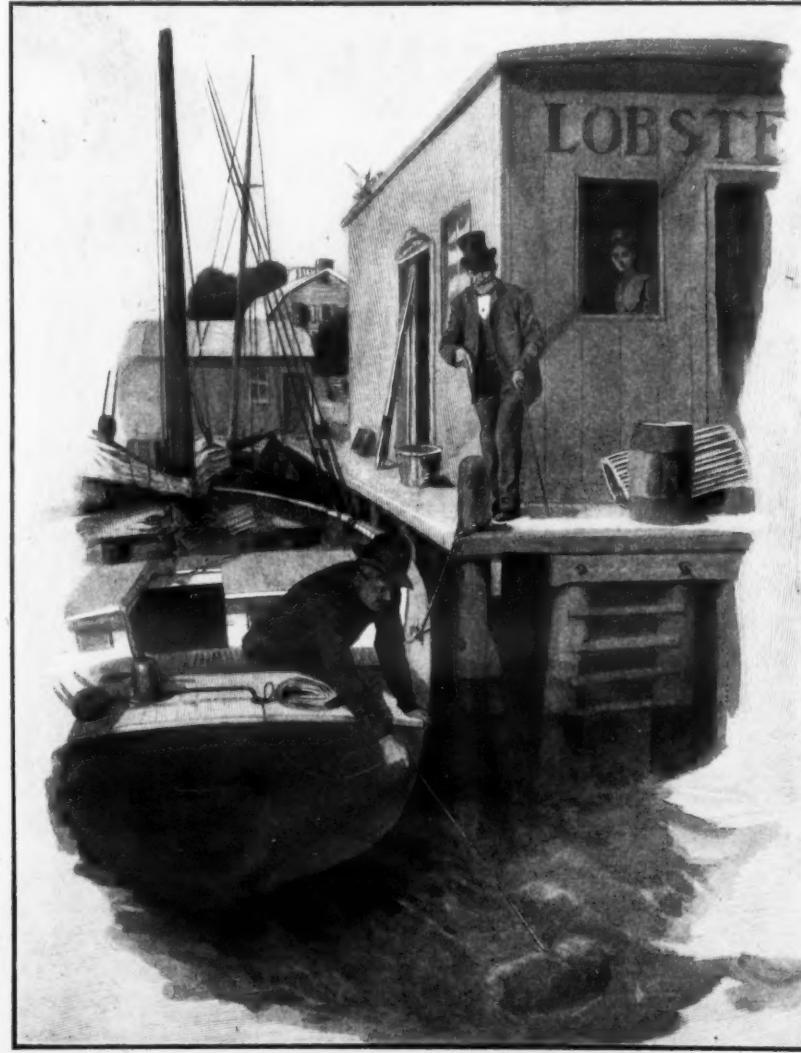
One day, while cruising about among his pots, Aleck was in a particularly doleful mood. He was brooding darkly over the way in which he appeared to be handicapped by fortune, when a shout from his faithful boy, Tony, called his attention to a queer object floating in the water to leeward. He could not make out what it was, so out of curiosity he kept his boat away and steered alongside it. There was only a faint breath of air blowing, and the sea was unruffled and the water beautifully clear. The strange flotsam, upon examination, proved to be a greasy, soft substance, the color of lead, but marbled with darker and lighter tints. Aleck broke off a chunk with his knife and took it in the boat for closer examination. Inspection only mystified him the more. The stuff had a peculiar, sweet smell. He determined to tow it ashore, as it was too bulky to lift into the boat conveniently. So he made fast the end of a light line to it and steered for the harbor.

As he moored the boat to the lobster dock the first man he saw was Andrew Macfadden, the fish factor, who had been on a visit to his old crony, Donald Campbell, and, incidentally, to pay Donald's beautiful daughter a few of his attentions and compliments, which were particularly hateful to the girl just then, for her father had been urging strongly Macfadden's eligibility as a son-in-law, and was indeed quite angry with the girl for failing to acquiesce with him. Andrew's keen green eyes were centred on the prize towing astern of the *Helen*. He got as near to it as he could and observed it with close attention.

"And what is it ye've got there, Aleck, my boy?" asked the fish factor. "It looks like petrified fish. What did ye bring it in for?"

"I don't know what it is, Mr. Macfadden, but I'm going to find out as soon as I've unloaded my lobsters."

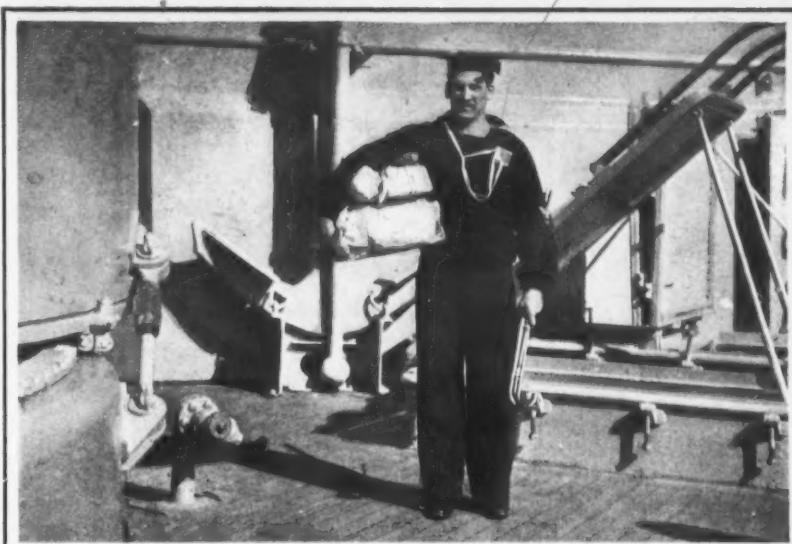
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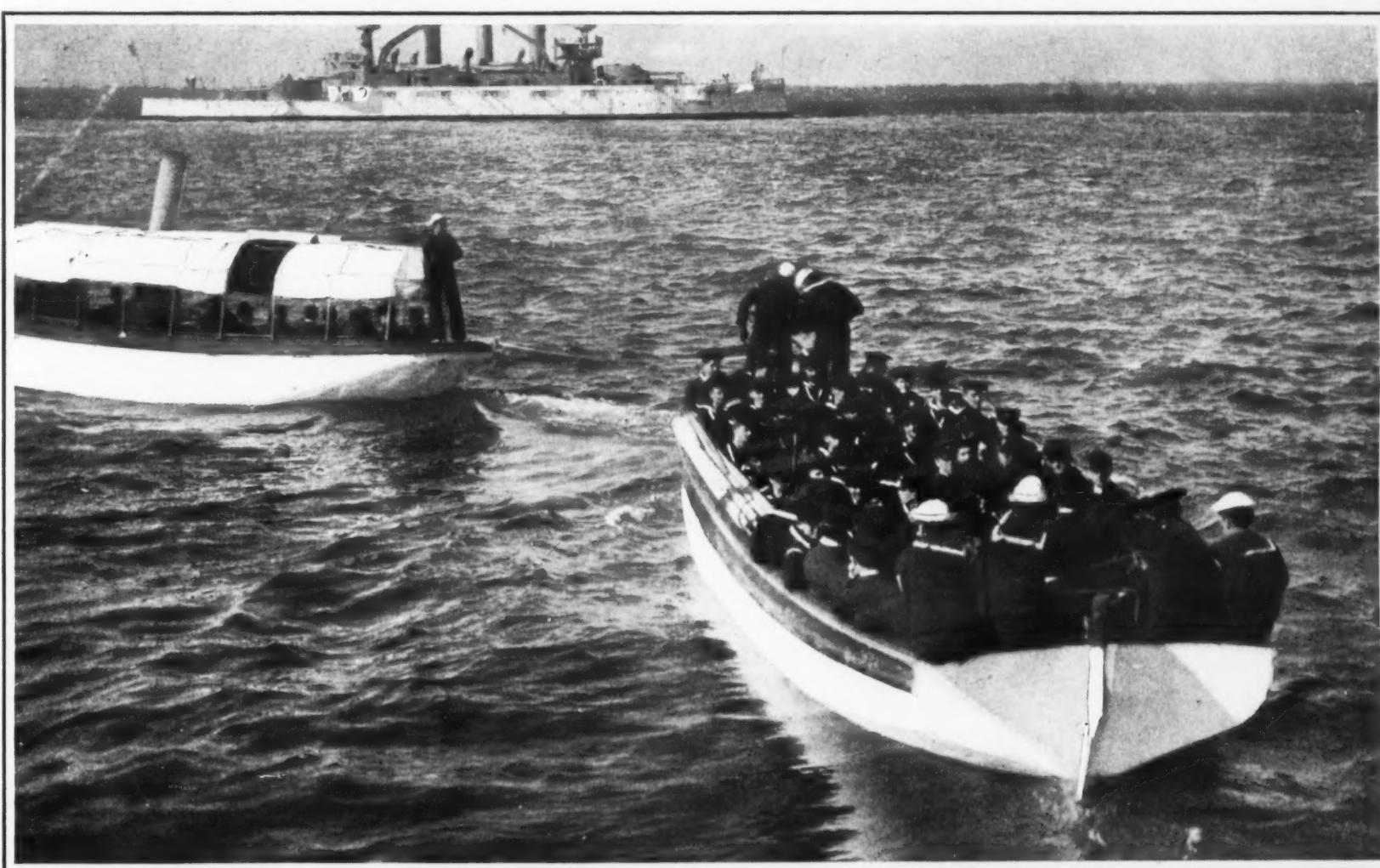
"AND WHAT IS IT YE'VE GOT THERE, ALECK, MY BOY?"



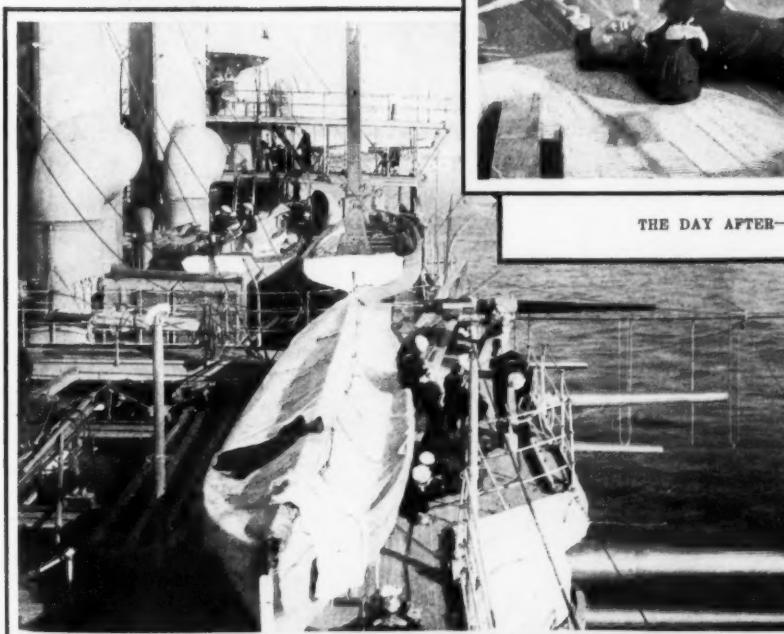
SOAP AND WATER FROM A BUCKET ON DECK THE PRELIMINARY PREPARATION.



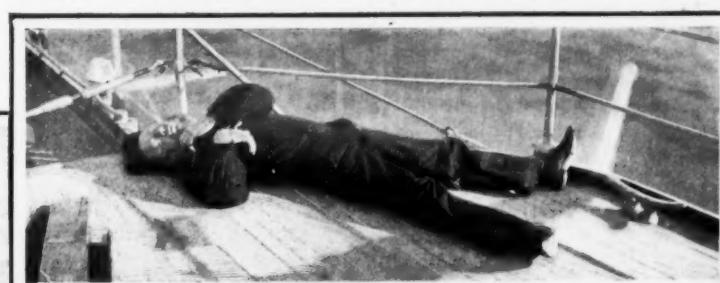
GOING ASHORE WITH MANY GIFTS FROM FOREIGN LANDS FOR THE "FOLKS AT HOME."



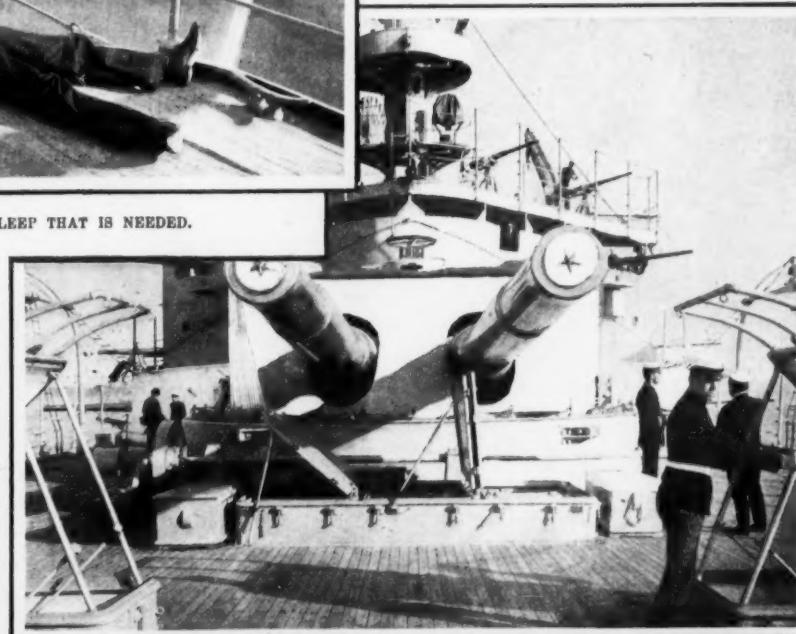
A BARGE FULL OF JACKIES ON SHORE-LEAVE TOWED FROM THE "KEARSARGE" BY A LAUNCH.



SAILORS DOZING AND LOAFING BY THE BIG GUNS OF THE "MISSOURI" AFTER A DAY OF LIBERTY.



THE DAY AFTER—A SLEEP THAT IS NEEDED.



THE QUIET OF A SABBATH DAY WHILE THE "MISSOURI'S" MEN ARE ON SHORE.

WHEN JACK COMES HOME AGAIN AFTER A CRUISE.

THE SAILORS HASTEN ASHORE FOR A LITTLE VISIT WHEN THE BATTLE-SHIP SQUADRON REACHES NEW YORK.

Photographs by our staff photographer, T. C. Muller.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS



EVERY PERSON who contemplates building a residence, and desires the latter to be a thing of comfort and beauty, should without fail consult Architect E. S. Child's "Colonial Houses for Modern Homes" (published by W. T. Comstock, New York). This is a handsome atlas-sized publication, containing a collection of many sketches, perspectives, and plans for up-to-date and attractive dwellings, with colonial details and effects, and some added picturesque designs. The book has been prepared for the benefit of people who wish to have their houses distinctive, tasteful, and characteristic. The estimates of cost given range from \$4,200 to \$32,000, the result in each instance being satisfactory for the money. The architect's ideas imply the use of only the best material and thoroughly good construction, and they should be fruitful of suggestions, even when not rigidly followed. Another book (also published by W. T. Comstock, New York) is a good one for house owners and those who propose building to have at hand. It is entitled, "The Architect's Directory and Specification Index for 1904-1905." It furnishes a complete list of architects in the United States and Canada, classified by States and towns; names the officers and the locations of the different architectural associations, specifies prominent dealers and manufacturers of building materials and appliances, and contains a list of the landscape and naval architects of the United States and Canada. Price, \$2.00.

THE MUCH-HERALDED "Memories of Jane Cunningham Croly" (Jenny June) is now out in book form with the imprint of the Putnams. The editors have thought it most fitting to avoid the conventional funereal type of memorial tributes, and this volume appears in a beautiful cover with June roses in gold twining about the title. There is no name on the title-page, but it is well known that the book was prepared and put through the press by Mrs. Caroline M. Morse, the chairman of the "Jenny June" Memorial Committee of the Woman's Press Club, of New York City. Mrs. Morse deserves great credit for her judgment and taste in selecting and editing the material for the work—not an easy task—and for her good taste in deciding the details of binding, paper, and illustrations. Mrs. Morse has certainly secured a brilliant group of contributors. Turning over the attractive deckle-edge leaves such names are seen as the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, Fanny Hallock Carpenter, Carrie Louise Griffin, and Dimies T. S. Denison. At the end of the volume is a graceful stanza of poetry entitled, "L'Envoy," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mrs. Croly was affectionately known in America and England by hosts of women with whom she was associated, and for whom she worked. Her friends are fortunate in having this memorial volume as a reminder of her devoted life and her inspiring example.

EVERYTHING RUSSIAN is interesting at this time, and a Russian novel is particularly welcome. The Putnams announce such a work of fiction entitled, "Three Dukes." The author's name is given as G. Ystridge, but it is well known that this is merely a *nom de guerre*. The fact is that the Russian secret service is trying to identify this author, who has written on Russian subjects before. So far, "G. Ystridge" has escaped detection, and even her publishers are ignorant of her true name, knowing only that she is an English lady who has spent many years in Russia. This book contains a striking picture of every-day life among the Russian upper classes. It is the story of a pretty English girl who goes as governess into the family of an eccentric and grim Russian noble. Her pupils are both over twenty, and their mother, an ignorant, hysterical woman, is most anxious to get them married. The "three dukes who came a-riding," as the old song has it, are three lovers, attracted by the beauty of the governess and the imaginary dowries of her pupils. The path is beset with vicissitudes and variety, and there are many original and novel situations. Readers will quickly recognize this novel as one of the most entertaining and absorbing of the year.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," "As You Like It," and Washington Irving's "An Old English Christmas" are the new issues of The Century Company's Thumb-nails. The charming covers of these little books are almost all the work of Mrs. Blanche Manus Mansfield, whose reputation as an illustrator is high in this country and in Europe. Mrs. Mansfield studied, and studied diligently, in New York, New Orleans, Boston, and abroad. For a time she taught drawing and painting in Dr. Price's seminary, in Nashville, Tenn. Then she opened a studio in Chicago, teaching and working at portraiture, interior decoration, and designing. It

By LA SALLE A. MAYNARD

was at this time that she first won fame by the original conception and bold execution of her interior decorations. In 1892 Mrs. Mansfield decorated the Illinois building at the world's fair. After a trip abroad she established her studio in New York. Her marriage to Mr. Mowbray Francis Mansfield, a New York publisher and importer of books, soon followed. Most of the time since her marriage Mrs. Mansfield has lived and worked in London, devoting herself largely to decorative and mediæval illumination of heraldic designs.

THE PUTNAMS have in preparation for the Christmas season a series of exquisite little leather-bound French books. Readers of French find it very difficult to obtain inexpensive editions of their favorite authors in the original in any other form than the yellow-covered style with the cheap paper and worn type. To meet this want the publishers have planned a series of French classics, printed from clear new type, on fine paper, with gold-stamped limp leather covers. The series will be known as "Les Classiques Françaises," and will sell for a moderate price. The first book to be issued will be Octave Feuillet's "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," with a preface by Ferdinand Brunetière. Other early volumes will be Marimee's "Columba," George Sand's "La Mare au Diable," and Sainte-Beuve's "Essais," each with a preface by an academician. It is the confident hope of the publishers that the reception of the initial numbers in this series will warrant the publication of a large number of French masterpieces in a form that will appeal to lovers of attractive books.

THE GREAT uninhabited places of our country are championed by three authors, who have brought them into vivid reality to the large circles of readers who are looking for romance tipped with fact and adventure tinged with truth. Jack London, Stewart Edward White, and Mary Austin during the last two years have undeniably created a literature as strong and virile and as redolent of the soil as did ever Kipling in his first and best work. The first of these authors to seek the juvenile field is Mary Austin, who offers in "The Basket Woman" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) a collection of stories from the California desert, of Indians and coyotes, ranches and cattle, miners and shepherds. Over them all there is the glamour of Mrs. Austin's rare power as a story-teller, and the brilliant setting of the Sierra Nevadas. "The Basket Woman" might almost be called "The Jungle Book of the West," not only on account of its subject, but on account of its style and spirit.

"LOOKING FOR ALICE" is the title of a new juvenile, by Walter Burges Smith, issued by

the Lothrop Publishing Company, which promises to attract considerable attention. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the exquisite pen-drawings, forty in all, by Mr. C. Howard. The story relates the experiences of a little girl named Harriet, who descends through an old well into the land of dreams to look for Alice in wonderland, and meets with adventures no less astonishing than those of Alice herself. It abounds in playful fancies and droll humor. Children who have read the famous adventures of Alice, and their parents and friends as well, will be eager to accompany Harriet in her search. The book has an attractive decorative cover, and is sure to be one of the features of the holiday season, as it is especially adapted for a gift-book for children.

THE RELIGIOUS aspect of the Mohammedan world rather than its political is set forth in a volume called, "With the Pilgrims to Mecca" (John Lane), a book describing the pilgrimage to Mecca in 1902, the "great pilgrimage, A. H. 1318," written from the notes of Haji Raz, one of the pilgrims of that year, by Wilfrid Sparrow. The religious life of the Mohammedans is approached not only with the sympathy that makes it vitally comprehensible, but with careful and exact exposition that gives the details of an elaborate church system. This pilgrimage of 1902 was noteworthy. Haj Day, which fell just twenty days before the anniversary of Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina, was also the eve of the Zoroastrian festival of Naw-Ruz, the advent of spring. The book is fully illustrated from photographs.

THE HOLIDAY season is now fast approaching, and parents and others have already begun to look around for suitable gifts for their children. For a little boy there is scarcely any book that would make so appropriate a Christmas present as "When Little Boys Sing," by John and Rue Carpenter (published by A. McClurg & Co., Chicago). This is a beautiful volume, containing songs set to music, and illustrations that are certain to catch a boy's eye. The words, the music, and the pictures are all the original work of the makers of the book. The verses are not difficult for a child to understand, and the tunes are pleasing. The make-up of the volume is so artistic and fine that to behold it is to want it.

"H. S. HUNTINGTON," author of "His Majesty's Sloop, 'Diamond Rock,'" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an American of Puritan descent. In a special line of work his name is favorably known in this country and Europe. He had already published several books over his own name, but adopted the pen name on undertaking to write a series of stories for boys. He resided for some years in the region where the scenes of "Diamond Rock" are laid, so that the historical incidents and sketches of tropical life were carefully studied on the spot. Moreover, he has for thirty years made a special study of South American and West Indian life. Older readers will enjoy the humor and incident of his new book quite as much as the boys.

DEAN HODGES, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, has just published, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a little book for children, entitled "When the King Came." It is the gospel narrative in the form of stories, arranged in chronological order, according to the best conclusions of modern scholarship, so as to give a clear view of the events and teachings of the life of Christ. The purpose of this book is to bring the past into the present, and to make it all alive and real. These stories, in manuscript, have for ten years stood the conclusive test of being read aloud to children, and are now for the first time offered to the public.

THE REPRINT of a cheaper edition of Morgan's "League of the Iroquois," which was published two years ago in an *édition de luxe*, is a welcome addition to the fall books (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Ever since the publication of the first edition of this work in 1851, it has been considered the best of all books relating to the institutions and customs of the Iroquois. This edition includes much material not contained in the first edition. It is also illustrated.

MR. W. J. GHENT'S new book, "Mass and Class," which the Macmillan Company publishes, is a brief, vigorous elucidation of the general position that the fundamental tendencies in history are not political or social, but economic, and that we are what economic conditions make us. Incidentally there are several chapters of vigorous attack on the classes and several chapters of vigorous defense of the masses.



A FLORAL WONDER AT THE LATE WORLD'S FAIR.
REMARKABLE CHRYSANTHEMUM PLANT, WITH THIRTY-FOUR VARIETIES GRAFTED ON IT, WHICH WAS EXHIBITED AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.—Jessie Tarbox Beals.



CURIOUS IGORROTE WEDDING CUSTOM—KILLING A CHICKEN WITH A STICK.



PREPARING THE CHICKEN FEAST FOR THE IGORROTE WEDDING—BRIDE AND GROOM SEATED AT RIGHT.



ODD FEATURE OF A NEGRITO WEDDING CEREMONY—GROOM OBLIGED TO CARRY THE BRIDE OVER A DIFFICULT OBSTACLE.



IGORROTES VOTING FOR PRESIDENT—ROOSEVELT PAN CONTAINS MANY BEANS, THE PARKER PAN ONLY TWO, THE PROHIBITION PAN NONE.



SINGING-CLASS OF YOUNG IGORROTES AND THEIR TEACHER, MRS. WILKINS.



MRS. WILKINS AND AN IGORROTE BOY ENGAGED IN A CAKE-WALK.

QUEEREST CHILDREN IN UNCLE SAM'S BIG FAMILY.

PRIMITIVE PEOPLE FROM THE PHILIPPINES, AND THEIR CURIOUS CUSTOMS AND DOINGS WHICH ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

Photographed by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

The Luck of a Lobsterman

Continued from page 516.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll give ye two dollars for it; just for fun, ye know. It's queer-looking stuff, and ought, perhaps, to find a place in a museum."

"You may have it and wel—" said Aleck, but had got no further when Miss Nelly, who had watched the scene from a window of the factory, shouted out:

"Don't you sell it, Aleck! Give it to me!"

"That settles the matter, Mr. Macfadden. Miss Campbell is the owner now, and if you wish to buy it you must treat with her."

The fish factor was immensely annoyed at losing the "petrified fish," and at once opened negotiations with the young lady for its possession. All his wiles were in vain. He could not buy it for love nor money. Miss Nelly asked Aleck to take the stuff up to his house and stow it away carefully, at the same time asking for a fragment of it for purposes of her own. The flotsam was disposed of after Miss Nelly's wishes.

"That stuff is worth money, Aleck," said Nelly, privately, to her lover. "Macfadden eyed it so greedily and tried so hard to get it. That is sufficient proof of its value. I will send this little piece to old Dr. Cattell, at Halifax. He is a friend of mine and knows everything. He will write me all about it."

Aleck wondered why so much fuss was being made about the sea prize he had taken, but he promised to guard it carefully, as it was now Nelly's property, so he placed it in a corner of the kitchen in his cottage and bade his mastiff Boxer watch it. And Boxer, being a trusty dog of a faithful and immensely powerful race, watched it and would have died in its defense. That night there were footsteps of strangers about Aleck's cottage, but the fierce baying of Boxer frightened off the interlopers, whoever they might have

been. Acting on this hint, Aleck removed the substance to his own bedroom, upstairs, and guarded it carefully until its owner's wishes should be made known.

A few days later, just as Aleck was sitting down to his frugal supper of fried fish and potatoes cooked by Tony, he was surprised by the appearance of Nelly, who stormed in upon him with the dash of a boarding party. Highly excited, she flung her arms about his neck and, heedless of Tony, kissed him full on the lips.

"Read this, you great big darling—read this, I say!" she cried, blushing and trembling in an ecstasy of joy.

Blundering Aleck, marveling much, took the open letter from his Nelly's hand. This is what he read, rather laboriously, for Dr. Cattell was a man of science and wrote a queer chirography:

HALIFAX, N. S., May—.

My dear Miss Campbell:

The specimen you inclosed with your letter received to-day is a piece of ambergris (*ambre grisea*) which is, as you are doubtless aware, a secretion found in the interior of the sperm whale (*physeter macrocephalus*). Its present value (if the sample you sent, and which I return herewith, is representative of the remainder) is at least five dollars an ounce. Should you wish to dispose of your find for cash I will negotiate its sale with a firm in New York, and be only too glad to be of service to my dear daughter's favorite schoolmate.

Believe me most sincerely yours,
PERCIVAL CATTELL.

Aleck was astounded at the glorious news. Then he reflected that perhaps Nelly, now so rich, would feel inclined to reject her humble lover and seek some more suitable mate. This, too, while Nelly's kisses

were still warm on his lips! He was just about to formulate his ideas into words when Nelly's arms were round his neck once more, and she whispered in his ear: "I told you that things would turn out right, you big, stupid darling. There's no reason why we shouldn't be married just as quick as I can get my things ready. Father will have no objection, now that you are the richest man—"

"It is you who are rich, not I," interrupted Aleck, rather sadly.

"No, sir; I return your gift. I only stepped in to save you from the clutches of old Macfadden, who would have grabbed your prize for two dollars. I offer myself to you, a penniless but loving girl, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, for making me do all the loving."

Recalled to his true self by these reassuring words, Aleck realized that his Nelly had been compelled to make the first advances. She had no reason to complain of any subsequent coolness on her lover's part.

The ambergris was sold for many thousands of dollars, the quality being very fine. The marriage of Aleck and Nelly quickly followed. It was a gala-day in Canso, the lucky lobsterman feasting all his old friends. Macfadden took a grim part in the festivities. In the evening, long after the newly-wedded couple had started on their wedding trip, the fish factor, under the mellowing influence of some fine old Scotch whiskey, confided to Donald Campbell:

"I knew it was ambergris the moment I cast eyes on it. And I should have bought it from Aleck for two dollars if it had not been for your daughter. How she knew it was ambergris beats me. I thought only old whalers could tell. Your daughter is a very canny lass—worth a dozen of her chuckle-headed husband!"

Americans Now Well Treated in Spain

Continued from page 512.

In Madrid, also, I sought an interview with Señor San Pedro, minister of foreign affairs, and got it. I told him that certain travelers report that a feeling still exists among the populace of Spain against Americans. "Bah! Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "That is untrue. It is something we never speak of. It is just as safe for Americans to travel here as for Germans. Those who say our populace insults Americans lie. Your Minister Woodford, who was here that awful year, has said unkind things of us. He has reflected upon our courtesy, our dignity. But we forgive him—for he never understood us. Yes; our silver money depreciated after the war—but it is not true for people to say that because that depreciation made our people poorer our populace insults Americans. Our silver money is now about of the same value it was before the war. Because of that awful war-year we still suffer in our pride—yes; sorely, deeply—but we are silent sufferers. Go where you like, you will not find the heart of a Spaniard on his sleeve."

Before I had been in the country two days I understood that to speak of Spain's navy was about as bad taste as to speak to a cripple of his affliction. For here is a nation practically without a navy; a nation with not one first-class ship, only one second-class and one third-class—and neither of these is properly armed or equipped. That was why I did not mention "navy" to Admiral Cervera.

Upon arrival at the quaint town of Algeciras, the last station before entering Gibraltar, I learned that while the Spanish peasant and middle-class man forgive the American for destroying their navy, they never have and never will forgive England for taking Gibraltar. "Yes; there are people in this town who actually think of the rock as 'temporarily in the hands of the British,'" said an American, a Mr. Doughty, who, having married a Spanish girl, makes his home there. "Even my wife inherits a dislike of the British. Whenever a red-coat from the rock passes our door my wife shows that she has bitter feelings in her heart. And when she visits the rock herself, and has to wait at the barrier for permission to enter on what she considers really Spanish soil, she becomes more than indignant—she becomes wrathful. And, oh! how she hates the flaunting flags, the martial music, the evidences of strength! And as she feels, so nearly all the people in this part of Spain feel."

The little town in question borders the neutral ground between Gibraltar and Spain proper. Not long ago an English major in command of a company on the other side of the neutral stretch of land suddenly went crazy. He ordered his men out in the dead of night, saying that he had received orders to shoot all the Spanish sentries on their side of the neutral ground. He marched his men forward, and ordered them to fire—and not till that moment did it dawn upon the second in command that the major was stark mad. The discovery was made just in time to avert the shooting of the Spanish sentries in cold blood. No affair since England first took the rock has come so near precipitating a war between the two countries.

That Spain is still "the one changeless land in all Europe" is apparent everywhere outside of Madrid and Barcelona. Madrid now resembles other capitals—thanks principally to American capital and enterprise in supplying electric light, electric conveniences generally, together with the fine plate-glass windows for the shop-fronts, and a hundred and one articles

manufactured in the United States. Barcelona is the Chicago of Spain. It was the only city in which I saw a commercial spirit at all resembling American hustle. Barcelona is the one city in which the *siesta*—that universal after-breakfast nap—seems to have been abandoned, at least in public places. For even in Madrid, when I walked abroad after the mid-day meal, I passed literally hundreds of men stretched on the benches in the wide avenues, all sound asleep. During those two mid-day hours it was impossible to get anything done that required the services of a menial for its performance. Porters, waiters, hotel maids, cabmen, all went to sleep. Some of the workmen even carried rope hammocks, which they swung to the iron bars that are common to the windows of nearly all private houses in the side streets—and there, in a position in which it would be impossible for a New Jersey tramp to sleep, the workmen slumbered like cherubs, in the full glare of the sun.

The railroads—all owned by private companies—afford a striking evidence that one is in the changeless land of to-morrow. I arrived at the railroad station at Madrid in plenty of time to catch my train for the south. But early as I was, I was too late to get a seat. The train was packed full. This was the one train in twenty-four hours that went through to the south. I went to the station-master and asked what I could do. "Why, there's another train to-morrow night," he said, exactly as we would say, "There will be another street-car along in a moment." And when that train did start on the following night it proved to be anything but a twentieth-century express. The only unkind remark directed against Americans I heard during my journey in the country was made by a train conductor, who said: "Our trains are fast enough for Spaniards. Americans who are always in a hurry had better not come to Spain." The train was then twenty hours from Madrid on a journey that was scheduled to take fourteen hours.

But the queerest, most interesting evidence of the changelessness of things in Spain was a scene I witnessed in a town in Valencia. This was the sitting of a local court, conducted after a fashion introduced by the Moors centuries ago. The three oldest men in the town preside over this court, regardless of their knowledge or ignorance of law. Their theory is: "There need be no laws; justice is the thing." And from their decision there is absolutely no appeal. On a Thursday I passed the principal church in this Valencian town. Three old men were seated on the steps and a number of people stood in front of them. "What are they doing there?" I asked the guide.

"They are holding the weekly court, señor," was the reply.

At the moment a peasant farmer was laying before the "court" some dispute with his neighbor about a matter of irrigation. When the old men had listened to both sides of the case they pulled an old cloak over their heads and sat thus for fully ten minutes. When they took away the cloak they announced their decision—it was that one of the disputants was to pay a small sum, as damages, to the other. The litigant against whom the decision had been rendered tried to demur. "But, señores—" he cried.

"You are fined another silver piece for opening your mouth," promptly announced one of the judges.

"But, but, but—" again cried the litigant.

"You are fined three more silver pieces for your buts," one of the judges again said.

The litigant by this time understood that any attempt at appeal was useless, and so he hurried away

where he could speak without being fined for every word.

Another type of character that still exists in this changeless Spain is that of Don Quixote. The Spanish gentleman is as quixotic in many ways to-day as was the hero who is known to every American schoolchild. Even in commercial Barcelona there is many a Don Quixote to-day. I was standing in the doorway of the office of a company promoter from New York, when an old man passed by, his clothes threadbare, his hat battered, his shoes worn out. Yet to this man of manifest poverty every passing man, woman, and child doffed hat or bowed with utmost respect.

"He's a typical old-timer," said the company promoter. "You'll see lots like him in this country. He is a grandee; lives on a tiny pension. He had a chance once to go into trade and make money. That is, an American promoter offered him a big yearly sum of money for the use of his name as the director of a company. The old gentleman showed that his sense of dignity had been greatly disturbed. None of these old duffers will go into trade, so I guess that's why Americans in trade here are doing so well. These people have enough mineral wealth to make the country an important factor in commerce. But they won't work the mines. So, along with about a dozen other Yankees, I've taken hold of their mines for them. And as for the vineyard owners, a few of the younger owners are now trying to establish a wine trade with the United States, but all the old fellows are still doing business in the same old small way—all on the Don Quixote plan. The reason the people bend the knee to that Don Quixote who just passed is because the peasants here don't care a hang for riches—mere wealth does not bestow rank. It's the one country in Europe where wealth cuts no ice in respect to impressing the common people. Every man here below the King is the equal and the brother of all other men below the King."

So I soon found that the time other peoples give to trade the citizens of Spain give to all sorts of religious festivals and queer ceremonies. "You should have been here during Lent," said a friend in Madrid. "You would have seen something funny over at the King's palace. On Holy Thursday all the poor people gathered in the palace grounds and washed their feet. They do that every year, while the King looks on, and when the ceremony is over, the King walks on foot through the streets, visiting seven different churches."

Other quixotic characteristics include knife duels. One day, in Seville, two men began blowing whistles. "What do they want—a cab?" I asked. "No, señor; they want spectators—they are about to fight the duel," replied my guide. And, surely enough, the men, when a number of spectators had gathered, began sharpening their knives on the bottoms of their bare feet. Then spectators tied their legs together at the knees—the left leg of each being thus tied. And bound together as they were, they attacked each other with their knives. A drop of blood was spilled, honor was thus satisfied, and the duel ended.

In this same Seville, life is much more characteristic of the country, where "two and two do not make four," than in Madrid. Here I saw no end of wild dogs, some of them ferocious, picking at the dust-heaps, these dogs being the scavengers of the town, just as in Constantinople. Here, too, all the horses are taught to pace—that peculiar motion that comes of moving both the right legs, then both the left legs. In the great cathedral of this town, too, I witnessed

Continued on page 525.



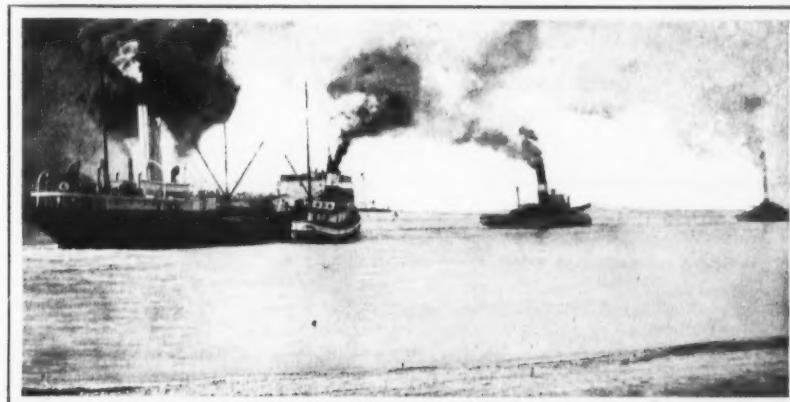
ELECTION DAY IN BALTIMORE'S BURNED DISTRICT—TOOL-HOUSE USED AS A POLLING-PLACE FOR THE FEW VOTERS.—*Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.*



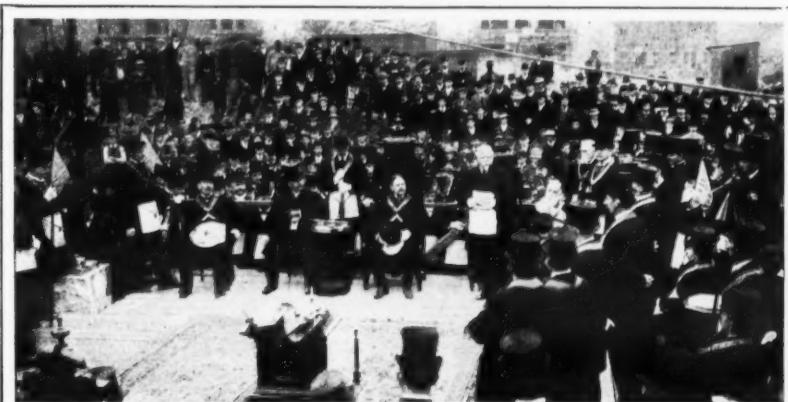
YOUNG AMERICA PREPARING TO CELEBRATE THE LATE ELECTION.
Mrs. J. Bernard, New York.



HOW THE WOMEN WENT TO THE POLLS IN COLORADO.—*Helen D. Farrell, Colorado.*



(PRIZE-WINNER.) TUGS TOWING A VESSEL IN DISTRESS INTO PORT.—*Robert A. Jack, Canada.*



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF BALTIMORE'S \$300,000 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING. GOVERNOR WARFIELD SPEAKING—GRAND MASTER OF MASON'S SHYROCK IN ARM-CHAIR. MAYOR TIMANUS WITH UMBRELLA.—*Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.*



FUNERAL OF THE NOTED AUTHOR, LAFCADIO HEARN, AT TOKIO—JAPANESE STUDENTS ESCORTING THE REMAINS.
C. F. McWilliams, Japan.



LITTLE JIMMY'S THANKSGIVING-EVE DREAM.—*Will G. Selwig, Ohio.*

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—CANADA WINS.
A GROUP OF INTERESTING EVENTS OF THE TIME SKILLFULLY PICTURED BY THE CAMERIST CORPS.
(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 523.)



A GREAT FOOTBALL CONTEST WITNESSED BY 25,000 PEOPLE.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE STANDS AND THE GROUNDS BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE YALE-PRINCETON GAME, AT PRINCETON, N. J., WHICH WAS WON, 12 TO 0, BY YALE.
Photographed by R. W. Tebbs.

A Great Day for Mexico

ON DECEMBER 1st, 1904, and for ten or twelve days thereafter, the City of Mexico will be the gayest town in the Western Hemisphere. The 400,000 inhabitants of the capital of the Mexican republic, re-enforced by tens of thousands of visitors from the rest of the country and from the outside world, will witness the ceremonies attendant on the inauguration of General Porfirio Diaz for his seventh term as President of Mexico. It will be a great holiday occasion, made so by a resolution of the Mexican Congress, but particularly by the respect which General Diaz has inspired in his countrymen, as well as among the foreign residents of the republic and among all the people of the world. Congratulations to President Diaz and his country will probably be sent from all quarters of the globe. It will be a personal triumph which will be memorable in Mexico's annals.

When the aged and intrepid Juarez, who was at the head of such government as Mexico had during the French attempt of 1862-67 to establish an empire in that country under the rule of Maximilian, died in 1872, his people declared that they had lost their deliverer, but a greater man than Juarez, and a greater than Tejado, who succeeded Juarez, was already in training for supreme power. This was Porfirio Diaz, who was elected President in 1877, and who has been at the head of the government ever since, except for the four years immediately after the expiration of his first term in 1881, during which time one of his friends was in office. Elected again in 1884, General Diaz has remained at the head of affairs ever since by successive warrants from his people, and he was chosen for his seventh term in 1900, the term now being lengthened by law to six years. It will begin on December 1st, and the inauguration will be attended by festivities—parades, banquets, illuminations, games of all sorts, balls, public addresses, and other forms of entertainment, lasting nearly two weeks—which will make the occasion notable in the country's history.

"A strong personal government is necessary for a Latin race." "My government shall be one which will harm no honest man." "The strongest alliance I know of is a commercial alliance." These words of General Diaz stand for ideas which have marked his rule of political conduct from the beginning of his sway, twenty-eight years ago. A republic in form Mexico has been for much more than half a century. A republic in substance it never was until a few years ago. Diaz has ruled more directly and comprehensively than does Germany's William or Russia's Nicholas. Under the forms of representative institutions he swayed his country by his personal fiat. In his own person he was executive, legislature, and judiciary. He set up this sort of government because he knew it was the only kind that was workable in Mexico. Despotism is better than anarchy, even when, as is commonly the

case, the despot is also a tyrant. But Diaz has been a benevolent despot. He has ruled his people better than they could have ruled themselves. Revolutions, once more plentiful in Mexico than earthquakes, have been abolished. The country which had fifty-five Presidents in the fifty years preceding Diaz's accession has had only two since, and one of these two, Gonzalez, who was in office between Diaz's first and second terms, was actually a servant of Diaz. Through his wise mingling of autocracy with love of his people Diaz at last instilled into them the habit of submission to law, and has thus made the task of the men who come after him easy.

Diaz started out in his career by winning the support of the business and the moneyed interests. He encouraged the building of railways, the establishment of lines of steamboats between his country's ports and the great nations of the world, the opening of mines, and the building of banks and commercial houses. Capital in all its forms was given better protection. In this way, in a little over a quarter of a century, he has doubled his country's population, quadrupled its wealth, cut its debt in two, increased the railways from 283 miles of main track to 13,000 miles, has placed Mexican credit so high that bankers of two continents competed for the \$40,000,000 of its bonds which were recently floated, and which were taken by New York houses, and has placed Mexico in line with the great progressive nations of the world.

Here are some of the reasons why his inauguration on December 1st for his seventh term, which everybody knows will be his last, as he is now seventy-four years of age, will attract the world's attention. Porfirio Diaz is the greatest man ever produced by the Latin-American race except Simon Bolivar, and he is a greater administrator than Bolivar.

An American Woman Describes Japan.

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years that are made up of days; through the lives upon lives that are lived to the minute swing of pendulums. It is impossible. But here sits this great Buddha, who had already, for twenty years, been breathing peaceful benediction upon the capital of the heaven-born Emperor of Japan when Charlemagne became King of the Franks. On either hand of the Daibutsu are images sixteen feet high of the goddesses of Infinite Wisdom and of Mercy, and they look, by comparison, like mere gilded dolls. One turns away with a suffocating sense of personal inconsequence, and, although he was so ridiculously out of place in that great solemn hall, I was glad to see my old familiar friend, the Ni-o, standing in a corner all bespattered with the usual disgusting spit-balls. I don't

know why he was there or how he happened to get there.

There are always two of the Ni-o, or "Deva Kings," Indra and Brahma, guarding the outer gates of the temples in Japan to keep away evil spirits. They are fearful-looking creatures usually, and their appearance is not improved much by the chewed paper which is thrown at them to represent prayers upon some wish dear to the heart of the devotee. It is believed that if one of these paper pellets adheres to the image the prayer will be answered, so the faithful one fires a fusillade until he is successful, then goes on his way rejoicing. On the other side of the great building, standing in his own dusty, shadowy corner, is a huge statue of Bishamon, the god of war, exquisitely painted in such fine lines and delicate colors that it looks like a statue in *cloisonné*, and no believer passes it in these troublous times without a deep obeisance and a muttered prayer.

The gigantic old echoing hall grows gloomy dark long before nightfall, and if one is alone under the oppressive, tranquil stare of that huge presence on the great central altar one doesn't linger long after the dust-laden sunbeams have crept out through the crevices through which they so cheerily entered. A last glance up at the great bronze face of the mighty image, and one turns away with a feeling of fellowship even for the poor beggar, displaying his loathsome sores upon the temple steps, and for the sleepy old *kura-maya* who sits waiting in infinite patience beside the holy-water font. I get in the little vehicle and am rolled swiftly out past the Ni-o mon, the great gateway of the bespattered Ni-o, through a long avenue of splendid trees, and up to the little hotel by the lakeside, where I may sit on the floor in my sweet, bare room that a Japanese would surely call a "chamber of inspiring view," and drink tea of perfect flavor, while the moon slowly rises, in round, full, golden splendor, from behind upthrust temple roofs, to illuminate a dream-world.

For Distress After Eating.

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

IT relieves immediately, by stimulating the secretion of the digestive fluids. Makes the digestion natural.

The Infant Needs

a perfectly pure, sterile, stable, easily absorbable and assimilable food. These are a combination of requirements which are found in Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. These properties are so perfectly represented in no other form of artificial infant feeding.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 224 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE ENORMOUS stimulus to the stock market, and to business interests generally, by the increase in the values of stocks and bonds on Wall Street this year must be given consideration. A recent estimate of the rise in values of the most active stocks on the exchange, since January 1st, reached the enormous aggregate of \$1,250,000,000, the rise in the Steel Trust securities alone constituting one-tenth of the total. In the copper market the advance in the leading copper shares since New Year's day aggregates nearly \$200,000,000. Some railway and industrial securities have shown a decided advance during the past six months, but these are as nothing compared with the jump in copper stocks. In several instances the Boston market

shows that some of these shares are today from twice to eight times as high as they were during the low period of 1904.

Men who were losers in the stock market a year ago were heavy winners on the rise. Thousands who thought themselves poor find themselves rich, and hundreds of thousands who considered themselves cramped for means find themselves liberally supplied with funds. Commenting on this extraordinary situation, as unexpected as it is extraordinary, a veteran financier recently said to me: "Think of it! The rise in the stock markets of this and other cities during the current year has aggregated more than the entire output of gold in the United States since its discovery in California in 1849. A great business boom was based on the gold discoveries in that State, and there are those who believe that the rise in the stock market during the current year justifies the hope of extraordinary prosperity in 1905."

This seems to me to be superficial reasoning, because every ounce of gold that is mined adds just so much to the material wealth of the country; but the fact that Wall Street manipulators are

able to double the quotation for a stock does not add a dollar to its earnings or its tangible property. In the one case we have a real value and in the other, in most instances, a fictitious value. Those who think that Wall Street quotations make the country prosperous should also bear in mind that in periods of depression and panic these quotations have led to contrary results. The fact remains that those who win heavily in Wall Street are usually generous in expenditures for all the necessities and luxuries of life; but, after all, the whole list of winners in Wall Street constitutes a small proportion of the population.

The wealth and prosperity of the country depend not upon the condition of the classes, but upon the condition of the great substantial majority constituting, in the popular phrase, "the masses." Are these as prosperous, as fully employed, and well paid as they were a year ago? My readers can answer this question for themselves.

The answer is not to be found in any one city or any one section of the country. It must be found all over and everywhere. I have no doubt that the

business outlook since election has assumed a better aspect. It was expected that this would be the case, and that the enthusiasm which preceded the election would outlast it, especially on the popular side, which won such a tremendous victory. Salesmen of the great commercial houses, who are the best pilots of the business seas and who can detect the current of trade all along the line, speak of an improving business outlook since election.

An old and wealthy business man, a director in one of our leading banking institutions, said to me, right after Roosevelt's sweeping victory, in a moment of enthusiasm: "We can look for better times, largely based on renewed confidence in continued prosperity. I think it will be widespread and deep enough to stimulate business everywhere, and that always means a stimulus to speculation, also." My friend may be right, but his prediction, it seems to me, so far as speculation is concerned, comes at the wrong time, for it was made when prices had been rising for over six months and were already ap-

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

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proaching record prices on Wall Street. It came at a time when a reaction ought to be expected because of the strain on the money market and the decline in the bank reserves, and, perhaps, what is more significant, a continuous decline in the reserve of the Federal treasury.

Any day when certain banks and trust companies that have been loaning money freely to brokers, and thus stimulating speculation, feel it incumbent on them to check the rise in Wall Street they can do so within twenty-four hours by agreeing to call in their loans and to advance interest rates. Such an action would in-

evitably lead to a sharp break in a time of over-speculation, and it might be more than a reaction. If confidence should give way to timidity, and sellers should outnumber buyers, the reaction would be severe and, under certain unforeseen circumstances, might develop a serious situation. Wall Street has had such situations on sundry notable occasions, and most of them have come unexpectedly and when the bulls were shouting the note of triumph all along the line.

The disclosure of rottenness in any great speculative industrial, railroad, or financial corporation, at a time when gold was going out of the country in large quantities, when interest rates were rising and bank reserves lowering, would change the sentiment of Wall Street operators from the bull to the bear side very quickly, and all the more quickly if these manipulators suddenly reached the conclusion that there was more money in a declining than in a rising market.

Such is human nature. Then at once confidence in the business outlook would be weakened and partly destroyed, and we will be compelled to enter upon another period of doubt, hesitation, and liquidation. This may not come at once, and many believe that it is more likely to happen after than before the holidays. Caution usually signalizes business operations most distinctly toward the opening of the new year, which is a period of changes and of profit or loss taking. It will be unfortunate if Wall Street should become responsible for impairing or destroying the confidence in the business outlook, which its leaders have been so long endeavoring to create and develop. Every one will be far better satisfied if the outlook for the new year brings with it more marked and widespread encouragement for all who labor for the meat which perisheth.

"H.," Somerville, Mass.: Do not find you on my preferred list.

"F." Hoboken, N. J.: 1. November 30th. 2. Transfer books closed November 3d.

"Cy." Easton, Penn.: I should rather have Cambria Steel than Steel Trust common at prevailing prices.

"Luminis": 1. I would not sacrifice my Ice preferred at a loss. I think your information is correct. Better register it in your name and control your own proxy. 2. Yes.

"V." Saratoga Springs, N. Y.: I know nothing about American Nickel excepting that a very vigorous effort to put it up is being made. It does not command itself to me.

"B." Malden, Mass.: 1. I prefer stocks that are quoted in the New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, or other large markets, and for which, therefore, you can always find a sale. 2. No rating.

"Bronx," New York: 1. U. S. Leather preferred, and it would probably suffer the least in a slump. 2. A 20 per cent. margin ought to be sufficient, but after such a rise it would be safer to make it 25 or 30.

"L." Baltimore: Wisconsin Central common ranged last year from 14 1-2 to 29 1-4, and this year it sold as low as 16. If the present bull movement continues you ought to be able to escape without loss, as the property has merit.

"Spade," Minneapolis: The tip seems to have been given out on National Enameling that it was to have an advance. It is not a popular stock with speculators, and unless I had inside information I would be inclined to leave it alone.

"Laona": 1. Texas Pacific seems to be bought on reactions by those who believe in it; but, on the earnings of the properties, St. Louis Southwestern preferred seems to have greater merit at present. 2. They are regarded with favor.

"M." Rochester, N. Y.: I do not find you on my preferred list. Readers should bear in mind the conditions under which the privileges of this department are offered them. I cannot waive them under any circumstances or for anybody, and should not in fairness to all the preferred subscribers.

"J." Lee, Mass.: America Malt preferred ranged last year from 14 1-2 to 24 1-2, and this year has sold as low as 16. The latest report of the company showed a very much smaller surplus than that of the preceding year, and was regarded as unfavorable. The fact that the stock immediately seemed to grow stronger led to the suspicion that the report was purposely made to bear its worst aspect. On its earnings a substantial rise would not be justified, unless the annual report was inaccurate.

"Vindex": 1. I hear good reports about Mexican Central first incomes. They certainly look reasonable unless the stock is altogether too dear. 2. Mercantile Marine preferred has not shared to an equal extent in the rise with the common, and, as it has the first chance for dividends, it looks the better of the two. 3. Atchison has still to demonstrate its ability to earn dividends on the common during prolonged periods of stress. It has seemed to me that the price was high enough, in view of the constant need of additional money, which has been provided in the past by the issuance of bonds of various kinds.

"G. J. M." New York: I have frequently given the facts regarding N. Y. Transportation. The present price of the stock is less than one-third of the amount that has been paid in cash for it. Its Fifth Avenue franchise, in proper hands, should have great value, and some day I believe it will.

Montreal and Boston con. is being manipulated for a rise. Con. Lake Superior common is the cheapest, or at least sells the lowest, of all the steel and iron stocks.

The fact that it is a Philadelphia security, or at least more largely sold on the Philadelphia Exchange than anywhere else, perhaps accounts for this.

It is a great property, and with a revival of the iron industry, if one can be patient, for a long pull, ought to yield most satisfactory returns, provided the present management, which has superseded its extravagant predecessor, conducts the affairs of the company with due regard to the welfare of the stockholders rather than of speculators.

The capital of N. Y. Transportation is \$5,000,000, par \$20. The original capital was \$25,000,000, and par \$100. The capital of Montreal and Boston Copper Company is \$3,000,000, and par \$5.

"Jack," New York: 1. Many Philadelphia stocks are not listed in New York, among them, one of the best of all the gas stocks, namely, U. G. I., of Philadelphia, which has recently advanced from 87 to 107, though it pays only 4 per cent. 2. Int. Mer. Marine preferred of course has preference over the common for safe results. It has never paid a dividend. The preferred industrials are always safer than common shares, though speculatively the latter are more attractive because of the better chances for a larger percentage of advance. 3. Railway Steel Spring, if it continues to pay only 2 per cent. dividends, would, at 30, yield not quite 7 per cent. on the investment. This would be a good rate of interest if it were assured. I advised the purchase of the stock when it sold around 25. If you buy it now you must bear that fact in mind and act on your own judgment. I only repeat what large holders of the shares have told me, with apparent truthfulness, but I vouch for no man in Wall Street.

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York City, and it is generally expected that they will be provided for by an additional issue of stock. The effect of the new stock issue will depend upon the price at which it will be put out and the appetite of the public at that time for new securities. It is obvious that the larger the stock issue the less the proportionate dividend-earning power of the shares.

"F." Apalachin, N. Y.: 1. The Con. Lake Superior stock certificates will in due season be exchanged for the stock of the new corporation. All assessments have been paid. 2. I advise you to write to the comptroller of New York City for information in reference to the bond. 3. If the iron industry should enjoy another such revival as it had in 1901 and 1902, Con. Lake Superior ought to develop sufficient earning capacity to make its stocks almost as valuable as those of the Steel Trust. This, at least, is the judgment of those who know both properties and the basis on which they have been capitalized.

"D." Georgetown, Conn.: 1. The Pacific Packing and Navigation Company's property was recently offered for sale under decree of the Federal Court of Washington, in Alaska, at the upset price of \$500,000, with no bidders, and the sale was postponed until December 10th. Holders of stock who have not united with the reorganization committee will have to take what they can get, and I do not see that there will be much for them. 2. They are new certificates, and the quotation is per hundred, not thousand. With a revival of the shipping industry the bonds ought to be worth more. 3. No report is made, and I can get no information. Too much of a gamble.

"Foot," New York: 1. I would not be in a hurry to get into the market after it had a continuous rise for almost a year. 2. I still believe that competition for control of U. P. has had a good deal to do with its extraordinary and continuous rise, and that it has had some connection with the Northern Securities merger litigation. The convertible bonds are preferable, as they are a prior lien and can be converted into U. P. common stock at will. 3. I know of no preferred railway share that pays as well as Soo preferred. 4. Twin City Rapid Transit preferred pays 7 per cent. I find no record of transactions in it on the exchange. The preferred ought certainly to be good, as the common, paying 5 per cent, sells above par.

"Ranier": 1. Colo. Fuel and Iron stock ought to be much lower now than it was two years ago, because the bonded debt ahead of the stock has been tremendously increased during the interval. Yet there is talk that it is to be advanced. 2. I only know that insiders appear to be accumulating it at present prices, and that plans are under contemplation which may put the company on a much better footing. I certainly would not sacrifice my holdings at this time. 3. All the cheap industrial stocks usually participate in a protracted bull movement. The rise in Leather common, Malt common, and other shares of this character indicate as much. For this reason, if the movement continues, an advance in Ice common, which has so long been stationary, is anticipated.

"B. B. D." Mass.: 1. American Locomotive preferred, on present earnings, paying 7 per cent. per annum, costs fully as much as other industrials just as good, and some with longer record as dividend-payers, U. S. Leather preferred and International Paper preferred, for instance. 2. When a speculative bull movement gets fully under way (as was shown in 1901) it overrides all conservative opposition and usually stops only when it exhausts itself. I have long thought that the market was entitled to a reaction, and every day the upward movement continues brings the hour nearer. 3. Pacific Mail's recent fluctuations indicate the danger of speculating in it. On reactions it is attractive because of its spasmodic advances from time to time. It sold last year as low as 17 and as high as 42. It has not as much merit as St. Louis Southwestern preferred for a long pull.

"S.," Washington, D. C.: 1. Your broker can always call on you at any time for additional margins up to the full price of the stock. In case of a panic he is very likely to do so. 2. Union Copper is decidedly speculative, and the only thing that makes it attractive for speculation is its low price. Whether this means that it is cheap or not, I am unable to say. Standard Oil interests deny that they control it. 3. Montreal and Boston has recently been manipulated for a rise, and it is said the manipulation is to continue, based on good reports from the property. Of these I know nothing.

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lower than Railway Steel Spring common, pays a much higher rate of dividends, and it is said that these dividends are to be increased. 3. Any considerable advance in money rates would tend to retard activity on the bull side. 4. Stocks which have little substantial basis for an advance, either in earnings, condition, or outlook, and which have been speculatively thrust to the front, would suffer the most severely in a reaction. 5. After a long advance the bear side usually brings the best profit, but one must be well informed and well protected to take that side at this or any other time.

Continued on page 524

I HAVE tried to make my advertisements plain; to make them state facts; to convey to the reader's mind, in the fewest possible words, just what I was trying to accomplish—which is this: I want you, if you smoke, to test my cigars entirely at my risk.

Some men seem to think there is a catch somewhere, a "nigger in the wood pile," if you please. There is none. How could there be? You have the cigars and the money. You are at liberty to send me whichever you see fit. But to make the matter stronger, I have attached a coupon to this advertisement which, if you will cut out on the dotted lines, you will readily see is a contract that I cannot well dodge.

On the flap label of every box of Shivers' Panetela Cigars appears this

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that Shivers' Panetela Cigars are clean, clear, selected long Havana filler, and selected genuine Sumatra wrapper.

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.

Could any man afford to put that guarantee on his merchandise, over his signature, if it was a lie? Would you?

I do not know of a cigar the equal of this that retails for less than ten cents. I manufacture every cigar that I sell, consequently know of what they are made and how they are made, something that the mere dealer can not possibly know.

My only possibility of continued success is *re-orders*, and the best evidence that I can here give is that I am receiving them in constantly increasing numbers.

My factory is close to the business centre of one of the largest cities in the United States. It is open to my customers, who are cordially invited to call and see the cigars made.

Shivers' Panetela
EXACT SIZE
EXACT SHAPE

Cut on this line

Herbert D. Shivers,
906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

You may ship me, carriage prepaid, one hundred of your Panetela cigars under the following conditions: I am to have the privilege of smoking ten of the cigars, and if, for any reason, I am not pleased with them, I am at liberty to return the remaining ninety by express, at your expense, and there is to be no charge for the cigars consumed. If I elect to keep the cigars, I agree to remit the price for them, \$5.00, within ten days.

Name

Street

City

State

I enclose my business card as an evidence of good faith on my part.

L. W. 12-3-04.

Cut on this line.

L. W. 12-3-04.

Write me, if you smoke.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**GOLD ONLY 10c.
ON THE \$1**

Mount Whitney Gold Mining Company Stock at ten cents a share (par value \$1; 1,000 feet of development work done; production to date, \$50,000. Ten full claims and two mill sites; ample water, cheap fuel, railroad facilities; working night and day; \$100,000 paid on the dump; advancing in value rapidly. Write to-day for prospectus, pictures, reports, &c; clean, honest management; highest references; every investigation solicited; don't delay, but write now. This is a proposition that is going to make a lot of money for the stockholders. We have personally inspected the property and titles and it carries our highest possible endorsement. The mines are located in Inyo County, California, one of the richest gold counties of the Gold State.

SOUTHW



A guesswork cocktail is always a new experiment. You rarely get the same thing twice from the same mixer.

CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors. Their aroma, taste, strength, are always uniformly excellent, and their ageing is a virtue the tried taster can appreciate.

Always ready. Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

BROTHERHOOD CHAMPAGNE The Wine Says The Rest

THE reason the photographs in "Leslie's Weekly" are brighter and clearer than any other weekly is because the half-tones are artistically retouched by us. :: :: :: :: ::

HENRY BLOCK ENGRAVING CO.
240 East Twenty-eighth Street : New York

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT

For the Home, the Club, the Bachelor's Den

\$15.00

This handsome CELLARETTE, with lock and key, contains twelve full size bottles of wines and liquors especially bottled for and imported by us.



The CELLARETTE delivered by freight, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, to any railroad station in the United States, on receipt of the price, \$15.00

price, but intrinsic values have little to do with the quotations of some stocks.

"L. B." New York: Distillers' Securities pays 4 per cent. per annum. Of course, if this were an assured dividend, it would not sell at such a figure. I would not, therefore, advise it as a permanent investment. I spoke of it as being cheap around 30, and it was at that time. If the bull movement continues it will probably sell higher. If you buy it or anything else in such a market, be satisfied with a moderate profit and take it, and run your chances of getting in again on something equally good.

"G. W." Milwaukee: 1. If you have sold your stock of course you must deliver it and close the transaction. It seems to be purchased by insiders around 35, and there is talk of development which many think will advance it substantially. 2. Your North American is of course much more like an investment than any industrial common stock, and some day I look for a substantial rise in the former. 3. Railway Steel Spring paid 2 per cent. last April, and is earning far more than enough to pay 4 per cent. The impression has been given out from the inside that the latter would be paid next year. I am unable to confirm it.

"R." Raleigh, N. C.: 1. I have printed a synopsis of the statement of Railway Steel Spring. I presume a letter to the secretary of the company might secure you the official figures. 2. "Frisco second preferred does not sell much lower than the first preferred. As there is but \$5,000,000 of the latter, against \$16,000,000 of the 2d preferred, the first preferred would seem to be the better purchase. The "Frisco" system has yet to show what it can do in a period of bad times, and some who are active in the management are too active in Wall Street. 3. St. Louis Southwestern preferred is well spoken of and, on reactions, ought to give you a chance for a profit.

"X. Y.": 1. I certainly would prefer the Steel 5s to the preferred stock if I sought an investment quality. 2. There are no bonds ahead of Railway Steel Spring preferred, while the Steel 5s are a second mortgage. The former would have the preference. 3. I advised the purchase of Railway Steel Spring common around 25. I still believe it has merit, in view of its earnings, but it has had a substantial rise. N. Y. Transportation has a valuable New York City street franchise as well as other properties. Some day it ought to be worth considerably more. It looks cheap, compared with such a non-dividend-paying stock, for instance, as B. R. T.

"R." St. Louis: 1. Havana Tobacco common has acted for a year or two past as if inside interests were depressing it in order to accumulate the stock. There is \$30,000,000 of the common and only \$5,000,000 of the preferred. The small difference in the prices of the two makes the preferred look far cheaper than the common. Speculatively, for a long pull, it might pay better than Railway Steel Spring, but no report of its earnings is available, while Railway Steel Spring gives its figures to its stockholders annually. Texas Pacific pays no dividends, but seems to be absorbed very readily, and beyond doubt has a future. 2. I said long ago that if the bull movement continued it would ultimately advance the long-neglected industrials.

"J." Goshen, N. Y.: 1. Am endeavoring to get a copy of the official report. Con. Lake Superior manufactures steel and iron products, has blast furnaces, charcoal plants, a rail mill of 500-ton per diem capacity, iron mines, 106 miles of railroad, nine steamships, nickel and copper mines and smelters, acid works, foundries, saw-mills, pulp mills, electric street railways, and water-power canals. With a distinct revival of the iron and steel industry the possibilities of the preferred stock ought to be far ahead of those of Steel common, though the latter sells at twice the price of Con. Lake Superior preferred. 2. Corn Products common may benefit by a proposed working agreement with its competitors, which I am told is being made; but it has had a very heavy advance, much of it, I think, due to manipulation.

"W." Richmond, Va.: 1. I get a little impatient sometimes when readers wait until a stock has advanced, as Int. Mer. Marine common has, to 100 per cent. higher than when I recommended its purchase, and then want to know if it ought to be bought. When this stock sold around 5, I said it had excellent speculative possibilities. Of course these possibilities cannot be as great after the advance. 2. I might say exactly the same about Railway Steel Spring. The fact that it paid 2 per cent. last April and is earning two or three times that amount makes it look reasonable under 30. 3. I made the same observation in this department some time ago. The ship-subsidy bill would certainly help all shipping interests. 4. Railway equipment companies are doing better, but at very much lower prices for their products. The Railway Steel Spring Company has been enabled to maintain its prices because it dominates the trade.

"N." Saugerties: 1. I have repeatedly referred to the Railway Steel Spring Company, its earnings and conditions. It would be well if readers would follow my weekly advices a little more carefully and save me the trouble of repetition. The company has no bonds ahead of its preferred stock, pays 7 per cent. on the latter, paid 2 per cent. on the common last April, and has \$2,000,000 surplus. It owns the National Spring Company, of Oswego; Pickering Spring Company, of Philadelphia; Charles Scott Spring Company, the Steel Tire Wheel Company, A. French Spring Company, of Pittsburgh; the spring department of the Crucible Steel Company, and the Detroit Steel and Spring Company. These make about 95 per cent. of the railway, car, and locomotive spring output in the United States. It is largely controlled by prominent railroad men. 2. I would be in no hurry to cover. 3. It is a litigated property, and it is exceedingly difficult to tell just what its properties consist of. The price indicates that it has little or nothing besides possible equities in gas companies.

NEW YORK, November 24th, 1904. JASPER.

The Korean Market.

KOREANS, LIKE the Japanese, are fertile imitators. There is no system of registering trade-marks or labels in Korea. Foreign producers have been subjected to annoyance and loss by the imitation of trade-marks and the use of original packing cases for inferior imitations of native production. The government of Korea has recently forbidden these practices, and thus some protection is afforded to foreign producers. This step ought to have a beneficial effect in inducing American manufacturers to seek a market in Korea for their wares.

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WARNINGS have repeatedly appeared in this department against the stability of what are called the fraternal assessment insurance organizations. All experience confirms these warnings. At their inception these societies are prosperous. There is a race to join them. For a period there is an appearance of prosperity. After a while the influx of new members ceases or diminishes and the death rate increases. Then comes the rub. To meet death claims, assessments must be increased. That forces many members to drop out. Those who remain find their burdens constantly growing heavier, until finally bankruptcy ensues. A recent illustration is found in the failure of the Royal Templars of Temperance. This corporation was a social and beneficiary organization. It was instituted in 1872. In 1888 its troubles began. An increase in rates was necessary. This increase postponed dissolution for a few years. Inevitably the death rate became higher. There were scarcely any accessions to the membership. Withdrawals were more frequent than before. Affairs went from bad to worse. Bankruptcy followed. Now those who have remained faithful and who have paid their assessments for years learn that they have thrown their money away. Life insurance, like any other staple, has a market value. Those who would buy it and buy it right must go to an established old-line company of proved solvency and pay the fair market value.

"G." Baltimore: I do not regard the company as the safest or most reliable. You can do better.

"D." New York: The record of all such companies has invariably been more or less a record of failure. I therefore do not believe in their stability. Address the Spectator Company, New York. I think they have a publication that will answer your requirements.

"M." Elmira, N. Y.: It is absolutely absurd to expect that the new fraternal insurance society to which you refer can do business any more successfully than all the others of its class that have gone under by reason of the increasing death rate and the loss of membership. You ought not to speculate in life insurance.

"F. H. K." Wiz.: 1. Pay no attention to the "frenzied finance," or any other articles attacking the credit of our great life-insurance companies for it is unassailable. 2. I have no doubt the New York Life, if you will address the president, at the home office in New York, will be very glad to send you the full list of its investments which constituted a part of its last annual report. You will find them gilt-edged and entirely satisfactory.

The Hermit.

**PUBLISHERS,
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**Americans Now Well
Treated in Spain.**

Continued from page 520

one of the three dancing festivities that are given yearly in the sacred edifice. A band of boys, in antique costumes, came whirling and pirouetting up the aisle, and the spectators applauded just as if it were a theatrical performance. A sort of mediæval religious procession followed. Another kind of dance could be witnessed for money in another part of the town. This was the old so-called national dance, and any dance at a Seeley dinner, at a midway pleasure, at a St. Louis Pike, and at Port Said, all witnessed at one time, would seem tame compared with that Spanish fandango seen for money in Seville.

Then, too, in the towns and villages in this part of Spain, Passion plays are held every year, just as at Oberammergau, though on not nearly so elaborate a scale. When I saw the Magdalen I exclaimed: "Why, that was the girl who danced for us the other night." "Right, señor," was the reply. "When we choose a Magdalen, we choose a girl noted for her beauty—not for her character. But this occasion lifts her into a new life. You will never see her dance like that of the other night again. She will be married within a year. Always such is the case with the Magdalen—for she is the penitent."

"Did you see a bull-fight?" This is the question always asked of the returning traveler from Spain. Yes; in Seville—where the cigar-factory girls are the supreme power; where those girls smoke cigars themselves, and expectorate in the street just like the men, and where, as in Asturia, dogs are used sometimes as wet-nurses—there I saw the real old thing in bull-fights. But as the reader has read of the Seville fights dozens of times, I can tell him nothing new. The only novel experience I had in a bull-fighting respect in Seville was to watch the glorification of the bull-fighters themselves. The populace, gentry and all, worship them with some such adoration as a certain class in the States glorifies Jeffries and other prize-fighters. One other novel experience was going with a party of bull-fighters and their wives, together with some of the first ladies and gentlemen of Seville, on Sunday morning before a bull-fight, to the pens where the bulls were kept near the arena. There the wife of each fighter picked out the bull that she wished her husband to fight, placing a rosette bearing her husband's colors on the animal, to indicate that he was her choice for the uneven duel with her matador-husband.

An Instance of Japanese Honesty.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, of London, tells a remarkable story. Three hundred years ago a member of the Tokagawa clan received from his father the province of Owari, and a number of little statues of horses cast in gold. He was directed to preserve them until some national emergency arose, and though feudalism ended in 1874, and the house of Owari became comparatively poor, its successive heads religiously obeyed the order of the ancestor until a short time ago. Then the family, believing that the emergency had arisen, transferred the secret hoard, \$500,000, to the national treasury, afterward publicly informing their ancestor's spirit that the trust had been faithfully performed. The patriotism of the act strikes the correspondent; but we are not sure that the secrecy maintained for ages, the absolute honesty of the ten successive generations, and the absence, even, of the wish to increase the trust by investment, are not better clews to the national character.

An American family might have carried out a trust as loyally, though it would have questioned at heart the right of the "dead hand"; but it would have boasted of the trust, and, having sold the golden horses, would have spent the interest on itself, keeping only the principal for the state's need.

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A New Use for Balloons.

OUR consul-general at Frankfort, Germany, Mr. Richard Gruenthal, calls attention in a recent report to the State Department to a new plan for determining ocean shallows, the device of a French naval engineer, M. Renaud. This engineer says that a captive balloon rising to a certain height may be employed to discover the presence of rocks beneath the surface of the water. Every sailor knows that in certain ports the shallows can be detected in time by the coloring of the water so that they can be avoided. From certain heights shallows are shown still more plainly, as, for instance, from the hills surrounding the entrance to Brest. From this it follows that from a captive balloon at a certain height above the water, especially in waters containing many submarine rocks and tortuous channels, shallows can be located with the eye, and better still, through photography. In some localities it will only be possible to correctly ascertain the channels and shallows by means of a balloon. M. Renaud expresses the opinion that the balloon will become an important part of the equipment of survey-ships. Their use will lead to more accurate charting of waters, and thus to greater security in navigation.



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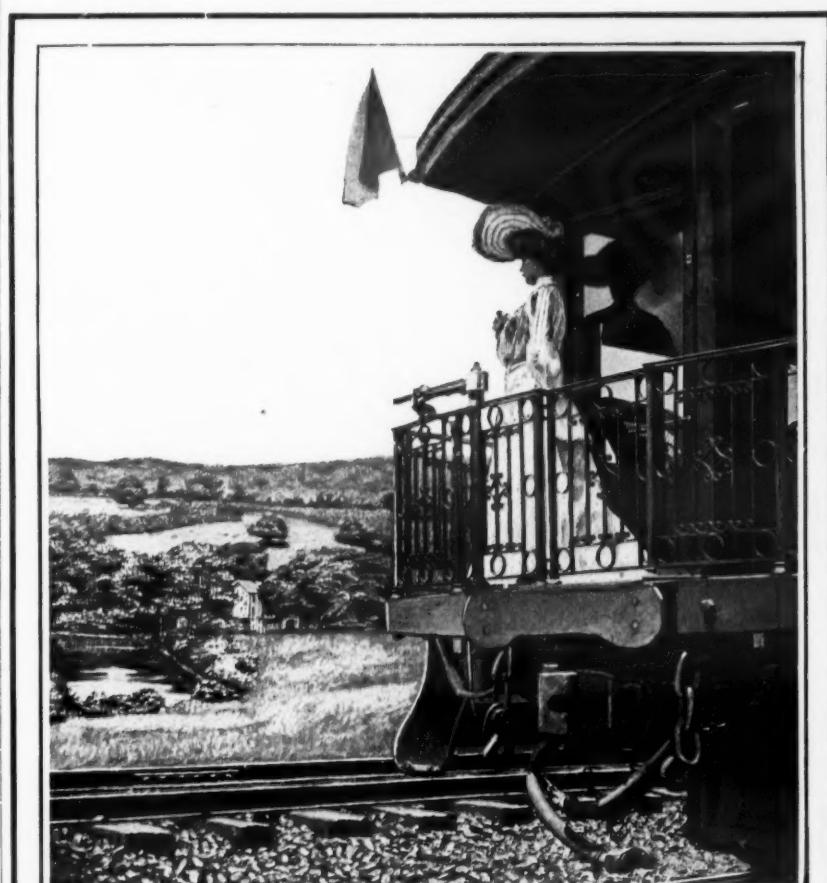
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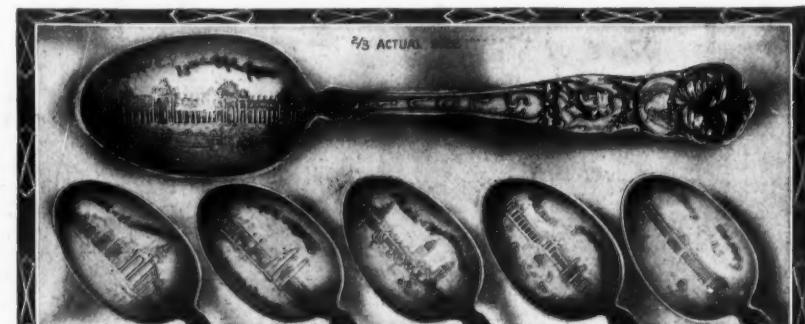
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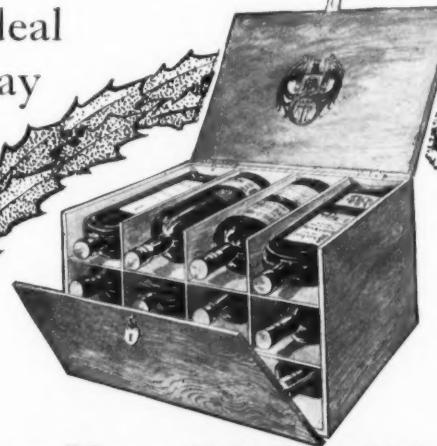
England Continues To Advance. AMERICANS cannot afford to get the idea that England is going back-

ward. That would lead us to underestimate the strength and the resources of our great rival in the world's trade. The United States is progressing rapidly, but

England is not losing ground. In 1887, according to Lord Avebury, the national income of Great Britain was \$6,000,000,000, and it is now \$8,750,000,000, while the amount assessed for the income tax has been raised from \$3,370,000,000 to \$4,400,000,000. British ship-builders construct more ships than those of the United States, Germany, and France together.

England's export trade with India—to make a comparison—amounts to \$119,000,000 yearly, while that of the United States with the same country is but \$4,300,000. This comparison proves that England is strong, and it also gives a hint of one direction in which the United States, if proper steps are taken, may increase its trade.

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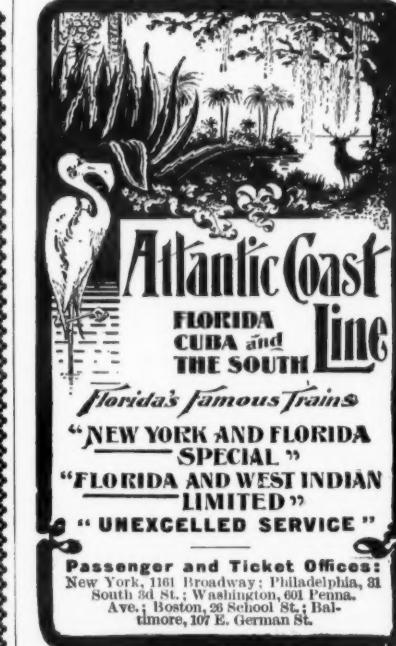
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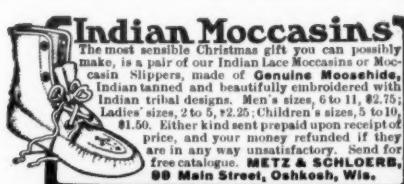
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